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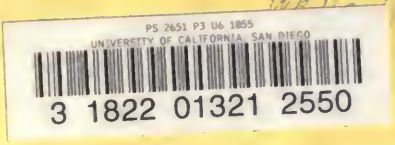
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THE

UNFORTUNATE MOUNTAIN GIRL:

A COLLECTION OF MISCELLANIES,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE,

BY L. J. PRATT.

RUTLAND:
GEO. A. TUTTLE & CO., BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS.
1855.

PREFACE.

In presenting this little work to the public, the writer would beg leave to say that she does not make special claims to erudition, or a style of writing, which shall attract for its novelty. Having been nearly deprived of the use of her eyes since the age of eleven years, she has made such use of her mental faculties as her kind Heavenly Parent has permitted; and, through the aid of her friends, presents in this little volume some of those meditations which have occupied her mind while the external world in all its beauty and splendor has in a great measure been shut out from her vision. She can only hope that her readers will throw the mantle of charity over the many imperfections, which, she is aware, exist in these humble efforts to give form and expression to a few straggling thoughts. She would respectfully ask that the Golden Rule might be the rule by which her cause might be tried, and then she may confidently expect that the "Unfortunate Mountain Girl" will meet with a kind reception from an indulgent public.

West Berkshire, Vt.

THE

UNFORTUNATE MOUNTAIN GIRL.

THE GIPSY GIRL.

Lizza, the heroine of our story, was the daughter of a Gipsy. Her mother died when she was about six years of age, and from that time she had mingled in the society of none save that of her father, who then left his tribe and betook himself to a secluded spot near the banks of the river D., where he hoped to spend the remainder of his days in the society of his beautiful and gentle-hearted Lizza, and resolved to seclude her from the gaze of the gossiping world for fear that her beauty would deprive him of his only treasure. Here they spent several years in happiness, unmolested by the intrusion of any. She was ever by her father's side, save when he went to market, and during his absence she usu-

ally amused herself by singing the wild Gipsy songs which her father had learned her, which were, the most of them, favorite pieces of her mother's.

One beautiful evening in September, Lizza and her father were seated under their favorite tree, singing their wild song, which they usually sang at the close of the day, when the sun was shedding its last rays over the earth. They had scarcely finished their song, when a stranger stepped from beneath a thicket, where he had been listening to the bird-like voice of Lizza. He approached the spot where sat the old man and his beautiful daughter, resting her head upon his shoulder, and very politely accosted them. The old man was much disturbed at his approach, and by no means gave him a hearty welcome. The stranger looked at the fair girl with astonishment. He had often seen the old man in the market but had never dreamed of his having so beautiful a daughter.

After a short interview, the stranger perceiving that he was an unwelcome guest of the old man, took his leave. "I am thankful he has

gone," said the old man, placing his hand upon Lizza's shoulder.

"Why father? why did the presence of that gentleman give you so much pain?"

"I have my reasons; but it would not be proper for you to know. Come child," said he, starting from his seat, "let us go to our tent."

Lizza asked many questions concerning the stranger, but could gain no satisfactory answer. In a few days after, the old man was again obliged to visit the market. As soon as he entered the market, the stranger saw him, and knowing that he usually stopped there some time, resolved that he would seek an interview with the fair Gipsy during her father's absence, and immediately set out for her tent.

Lizza, as soon as her father had gone, seated herself beneath the shade of her favorite tree and commenced singing her wild songs. Looking up, she saw some one at a distance, whom she recognized as the stranger who had accosted them but a few evenings before. He approached, and taking her warmly by the hand, seated himself by her side. Lizza seemed much alarm-

ed on finding herself alone with the stranger, and begged him to be gone, telling him that her father would be very angry should he find him there on his return.

"Do not be frightened, my dear girl," said he, "I came here to converse awhile with you during your father's absence, and will leave ere he returns. But tell me, I entreat you, why a being so fair as yourself should spend her days here in this secluded spot."

"Secluded spot" said she, with an air of contempt. "We are Gipsies—we have our mode of living and you have yours. I am happy in the society of my father, and you, perhaps, in the society of a wife or a mother."

"Wife," murmured he, "I have no wife, but had I one as beautiful as yourself, true enough, I should be happy in her society."

"But," said Lizza, "say no more. You must leave, for my father will soon return."

He reluctantly rose, and, taking her by the hand, said: "We part now, but not forever."

These words rung in the ears of Lizza. "But," said she, "it will never do for me to even think

of him, for he is a stranger. Besides, my father will never consent for me to receive calls from any one."

Time passed on, and Lizza thought more and more of the stranger, and, at times, almost wished that she could see him again. At length, her father was obliged to go to market. Edward (as that was the stranger's name) saw the old man there as soon as he entered, for he had watched each day for his approach. Immediately he set out to renew his visit with the fair Gipsy. As he reached the spot, he found the fair girl under her favorite tree, but she seemed thoughtful and melancholy. He took her by the hand, saying, "My dear Lizza, I came here this afternoon to declare to you the love which I have had for you since first we met, and to offer you my heart and hand, and seek yours in return."

"But stop," interrupted Lizza. "You are too hasty. You would never marry a Gipsy."

"Marry a Gipsy! to be sure I would, and shall consider myself one of the happiest beings in the world if I can but obtain you."

"Oh no, that can never be, for I have ever been taught to love none but my father, and he would never consent to our union. Why, Edward, would you not feel mortified to introduce me to your friends as your bride?"

"Mortified, dear Lizza, no, indeed. I should feel proud to call so fair a being as yourself my own. It is true, you know nothing of my circumstances; but one thing is certain, I have enough to place you beyond the reach of want, unless misfortune's hand is laid heavily upon me. If that should be our lot, we will share it together."

"Oh Edward, how could I be so ungrateful to my father, who has always been so kind to me, as to leave him without a friend on earth to comfort him in his declining years. Oh Edward, I could never act so rashly," said she, while the tears fell from her dark eyes.

Edward drew her closely to his side, saying: "Dear Lizza, you need not leave your father alone. He shall always have a home with us Only say that you will be mine. Say, dear Lizza,

could you not be happy with me; or should you sigh for your wild home?"

Lizza, leaning her head upon his shoulder, said: "I could be happy in your society, but my father will forbid our union."

"Never fear, dear Lizza, I will obtain his consent if you will allow me to remain here until he returns."

"You can do as you like, but I fear he will be very angry, and immediately remove me from this part of the world; and if we are married, it must be done privately."

"Well, Lizza, then say the next time your father goes to market that I may come here with a carriage, and that you will accompany me to the village where we will have the marriage ceremony performed."

"But," said she, "what will my poor father think on returning and finding me absent?"

"We will leave a letter here which will explain all."

Lizza consented, and Edward took his leave, feeling that he had the promise of the fairest being in the world. Lizza, on her father's return,

did not meet him with the same cheerful smile that she was wont to do; and the sadness of her countenance attracted her father's notice.

"Lizza," said her father, "why are you so sad? Are you not well?"

"Oh yes," said Lizza, throwing her arms around his neck, and warmly imprinting a kiss on his cheek. She strove to resume her usual cheerfulness, but still her heart was sad. As the time at length arrived for her father to again visit the market, Lizza could not refrain from tears. The old man saw the tears as they fell from her eyes, and drawing her to his side said: "My child, what is the cause of your weeping?"

"Oh, I was thinking how lonely I should be were I to be deprived of your company."

"Do not allow yourself to think upon that subject," said her father, "for we will never be separated until by the ruthless hand of death." On saying this, he imprinted a kiss on her cheek, and said, "be cheerful, my child," and left her.

As soon as he was gone, she gave vent to a flood of tears. She called to mind the many happy hours that she had spent with her father,

and the thought of leaving her childhood home forever, to go she knew not where, was more than her poor heart could bear.

She soon heard the carriage wheels as they approached. She sat motionless as Edward entered the tent.

"Dear Lizza, why are you weeping? You do not regret the promise you made, do you? You shall never want for the comforts of life, and you shall ever find in me a kind and affectionate husband; and as for your father, he shall ever be a welcome guest with us. And here," said he, "is a letter for your father. Come, we must be in haste, for we have no time to spare."

Lizza, then, with as much composure as possible, took leave of her home, where sorrow had ever been a stranger until now, and was soon rolling rapidly away. Lizza's father returned sooner than usual, and entering the tent, found his child gone and a letter lying upon the table. On opening it he read as follows:

"Dear Sir: I know that you will feel much surprised at the absence of your daughter, but be calm, and I will tell you all. Sir, the first time

I saw your daughter, seated by your side, I resolved that she should be mine if I could obtain her consent. Accordingly, I availed myself of the opportunity to talk with her during your absence, and to-day, ere the sun shall set, Lizza will be my lawful and wedded bride. But in three days she shall return to you. She was very unwilling to leave you, as she said she was all that you had to care for in this world. But let me say that you need never be separated, for you shall ever have a home with us. And believe me to be your dutiful and affectionate son. EDWARD BLAKELY."

As he closed the letter, he sank back in his chair, saying, "I shall never see another happy moment, for my only child is torn from me, and for me to leave my old home and go to that of another, I can never bear the thought. No, I will live like a hermit, and when the Lord sees fit to call me from earth, I will die alone, without one friend to bathe my throbbing brow, or shed the farewell tear. For twelve years it has been my constant care to supply the wants of my only treasure. I have denied myself of every com-

fort for her sake. And is this the reward?" The old man spent the days in walking around the solitary paths that he used to traverse with so much delight when his darling child was at his side. And at night he would lie down upon his couch, but he could not rest, for sleep had departed from his eyes.

At length, the time arrived for the return of his child. As Lizza and Edward entered the tent, they found their father weeping.

"Oh, my dear father," said Lizza, "I have come to ask your pardon, and, if possible, to persuade you to go home with me."

"My dear child, I grant you my pardon, but I can never leave my home. Since here is the man of your choice, go and be happy. But for me, I shall never again be happy."

"Say not so," interrupted Edward, "for we will ever be all that a parent can desire."

"Now," said Lizza, "I hope I shall be enabled to repay your kindness to me. Come, say that you will go home with us. Come, say you will go at least and see our home."

After much persuasion, the old man consent-

ed. They were soon seated in the carriage, and rolled rapidly along, until they reached their mansion, where they alighted and were shown into a parlor nicely furnished, where they spent the evening very pleasantly, and the old man quite forgot his sorrow. Here he spent many happy years with his affectionate and happy children. And he never regretted leaving his old home. Lizza ever found Edward a kind and affectionate husband, and stood high in society. She was ever ready to lend a helping hand to the needy, and was beloved by all who knew her.

THE PEACEFUL COTTAGE.

In a small village, in the eastern part of Maine, lived, some years since, an old woman, who was known by the name of Industrious Mary. Her cottage was built with logs and covered with slabs, but from the air of neatness which every thing about it exhibited, could not fail of attracting the notice of the passing stranger. Soon after the death of the old lady, two friends happened in their travels to meet at this place, and being invited by the beauty of the scenery and the desire of discoursing with freedom upon past events, to a walk in the fields, they found themselves unexpectedly at the humble cottage, which a tall hedge had at first hindered them from seeing. While they stood admiring its neatness and simplicity, and anxious to know something of its occupant, they were joined by a villager, who informed them that it was then uninhabited, and at their request proceeded to give the char-

acter of its late owner, the substance of which was as follows:

She was a native of this village, and lived all her life here without any loose desire of seeking her fortune or fancy expectation of meeting with advancement in distant places. Being always averse to society, she had no borrowed vices nor imitated follies. She was unacquainted with the false pleasures of luxury, and what she knew nothing of, she neither desired nor envied. Her wants were the wants of nature; she had not habituated herself to falsehood by flattering the vanity of a gaudy mistress, nor borrowed the art of shedding tears for trifles, or bearing insolence with an affected submission; but having thus escaped the general source of corruption, and, at the same time, excluded herself from all hopes of any assistance, but that of Providence, she maintained herself by an honest and unwearied industry, free from distress and above dependence. It is the right of every cottager to graze a cow on the adjoining common. This privilege was Mary's estate. She had many years ago purchased a cow with the money she

had saved from wages of her daily labor. From her she was supplied with milk and butter and cheese, part of which she lived upon, and part she carried to the market. In a little garden close to the house she had a row of apple trees, under which, when no other business called her away, she sat sewing with a contented heart and a smiling face. Thus, what would have been wretchedness and poverty in the estimation of those who have been accustomed to fashionable life, was easy affluence in the natural condition of humanity. The neatness and regularity of her house made me often frequent it; her furniture and utensils of the cheapest sort were always clean, and always in order, and every thing about her seemed to be under the direction of Providence and the smiles of heaven. When she rose in the morning her devotions were her first employment, her earliest and purest thoughts were given to her Creator in a form of humble adoration. She then read a short portion of the holy Scriptures with a sincere and earnest attention, not with a view of reconciling them to vice, or of interpreting them

in her own favor; but of regulating her behavior by their unerring rules, nor till those duties were performed did she suffer her mind to fix upon the business of the day. She then milked her cow and made her cheese, after which she sat down to her sewing, and except the little time spent at her meals, worked till evening. She never went far from home, her longest journey was to the next market where she sold the produce of her little dairy, received the price of her sewing, and bought what her own cow and garden did not afford her. At the close of day, she again milked her cow, and concluded the day with reading and devotions. Thus was her life one uniform scene of innocence and piety, not saddened by misfortune, nor varied by caprice. She enjoyed almost uninterrupted health till the age of sixty, and then dying of a short illness, was found possessed of seventy-five pounds which she had laid up, that when she should be able to work no longer, she might not subsist upon the labor of others. Such was the history of Mary, the inhabitant of the little cottage, a place which by her industry and virtue she rendered far

more venerable than the elegant mansions of sloth and luxury.

When we sit in solitude out of the sight of man and unbiased by their customs, when we are not afraid of being ridiculed by wit, or wondered at by folly, is it possible to doubt a moment which to prefer? Can rational beings put weeks, months and years, trifled away in unimproving discourse, idle visits and empty amusements, in competition with Mary's useful labor? But if we look farther into the conduct of those who stand in higher life, and add their vices to their follies, if with the time lost in thoughtless diversion, we think of that which is wasted by unlawful passions in ambitious pursuits, or criminal indulgences, if we reflect on the allurements to wickedness and discouragement from virtue, we shall be still more convinced of the happiness of obscurity. The devotions of Mary, so far as we may presume to judge, were not disregarded, since they were offered by one, who lived in the practice of all the duties that fall within the compass of action. They, no doubt, drew upon her the eyes of those angelic beings who look

with contempt on pompous greatness, and turn with abhorrence from prosperous wickedness, and opened to her those regions of eternal happiness, whither many, who now boast their noble, ample fortunes and extensive capacities, will never arrive. When we are led to repine at our station and to envy the rich and the great, let us look at their vices, their cares and their troubles, and we may learn to hush every murmur by contrasting them with the happy life and peaceful death of the contented, the industrious, the pious Mary.

THE ORPHAN'S SOLILOQUY.

I love to sit at dewy eve,
Beside some rippling rill,
When nought but silence reigns around,
And birds their quiet nests have found.

And in that silent, lone retreat,
Where nought save God's own eye can see,
I love to raise my voice in prayer—
My Savior ever meets me there.

I love to think on early days,
When blessed with a mother's prayers and praise
When this heart was soothed from every grief,
By a mother's sighs, and kind relief.

Those golden links of memory ne'er
By time can be erased,
And while the vital spark remains,
I'll think and whisper oft her name.

And when this active form shall lie
Low mouldering in the ground,
Oh! may my happy spirit rise,
To greet her spirit in the skies.

I THINK OF THEE.

I think of thee when morning dawns,
And sheds o'er earth her gentle rays,
Then my thoughts they rest on thee;
When thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee through all the day,
Whether employed in work or play,
Still my thoughts they rest on thee;
When thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee at the close of day,
And gladly would I wish thee to stay,
Yet we must separated be,—
When thinkest thou of me?

And in my dreams thy form I view,
Though I am far away from you,
Still my thoughts they rest on thee—
When thinkest thou of me?

THE YOUNG HEIRESS.

CHAPTER I.

It was the close of a glorious summer. Old Mr. Morton's small white house, on the banks of the Illinois, embosomed in a rich profusion of living green, adorned by flowers of deep luxury, and canopied by a sky of sunny and gorgeous hues, had been that summer the abode of as happy a party as ever gathered around a cottage door, on a summer's evening. Charles Eltham and his sister had spent seveal months there. Arthur's health, which had been seriously impaired by severe suffering, was now so far restored as to admit of active exertion, for which the state of his finances was calling loudly. And it was agreed that the party, on the morrow, should leave the undisturbed repose of the country for New York.

The circle at old Mr. Morton's had certainly been a happy and interesting one. The old gentleman had been a soldier in the army of the

revolution; and the young people were as fond of listening to his long and minute stories of those ever-interesting days, as he was of relating them; and among the listeners, none dwelt with more individual attention on every word, than Marcia. And then the long, long romantic walks on the ocean-like prairie, and amid the masses of the never-ending forest. They gathered wild flowers, they listened to the music of morning's earliest birds, they traced the course of the wayward brook, they drank in the influence of nature together.

Marcia had been happy, most happy, even while she had been nursing a hopeless passion. But to her it was not then hopeless. Sanguine in all her expectations, unused to the blandishments of polite society, unskilled in reading human hearts, and too conversant with novels and romances, she imagined that the fondness which Eltham manifested for her society was love. Deluded girl!.....He did, indeed, regard her as a beautiful and rather interesting, but withal a wayward and faulty child. And the attention with which he treated her was more the effect

of gratitude and friendship for the brother, than tribute to any qualities possessed by the sister. And had he even looked on her with more partiality, he would not have aspired to her hand, for she had now become an heiress. Eltham admired the firmness with which she bore her good fortune, and very justly considered it an indication of a strong mind. But sometimes he thought of what she would be, when experience should have corrected her faults, education refined her manners, and time matured her beauty.

Had he known the sacrifice she had been willing to make for his sake, his feelings toward her might, perhaps, have been more ardent. He never dreamed of the existence of that foolish passion which his slightest attention, his most unmeaning compliment, was nursing. If he had, his manner towards her would have been cold. Willingly he would not have blighted one rose in her future path; little did he think he was strewing it with thorns! Little did he think, while he twined wild flowers amid her flowing tresses, and praised the fresh bloom of her cheek, how many bitter tears would be shed over the

memory of these careless actions, and idle words! Little did he think, as he playfully kissed her forehead, while in all the artlessness and innocence of early childhood she clung around his neck, that he was mingling anguish in her cup of bliss!

And were Arthur Morton and Lucy all this time unmindful of each other's charms? O no, inquisitive reader. The germs of affection, nourished at first in secret, had expanded into full and beautiful bloom. The course of true love had for once flowed smoothly. And now they stood together before the marriage altar. Lucy had never looked so beautiful before. Her health, which intense anxiety had impaired, was now perfectly renovated. A faint, retiring red was just perceptible on her cheek; her soft eyes were redolent of bliss, and there was a devoted look of fond confidence in the most pensive smile that played around her beautiful lips. Arthur's appearance was a perfect and happy contrast to Lucy's. He was tall, his form manly and striking, his forehead was noble; and its clear, pure white was shaded by hair of the deepest black.

His lips curled haughtily, but his eyes were the most striking of his features; it would have been difficult for the careless observer to have told their color, but their expression was never surpassed. Whether they kindled with anger, flashed with delight, or melted in tenderness, they were alike unrivalled. There was a remnant of boyhood's roses on his cheek, which, in moments of animation, would gradually change to a deep, burning red; yet his countenance was manly in the extreme, and had nothing of the round, smiling plumpness usually associated with red cheeks. But though the personal appearance of that youthful pair was interesting, it was nobility of mind that shed an unearthly glory around them. They were, indeed, redeeming spirits among common minds.

CHAPTER II.

A few short years,
Ah! who can tell.

Marcia Morton was left to weep over the presumption of unfounded hopes—to lament vanished dreams. But she was a proud girl; her pride was lofty as her affections were constant, and though in the depth of her heart was buried anguish, yet her's were not the eyes to quench their fires in unavailing grief, nor her's the cheek to grow pale of unrequited love.

But she had soon other sorrows than those of disappointed love, over which to grieve. Her parents, ere the return of spring, were both laid in the same grave. Marcia, for a long time, was involved in the deepest anguish. She had been a wayward, and sometimes a disobedient child, but she had loved her parents with a depth and fervency of feeling of which common minds never dreamed; and so now the bitterness of her regret was proportional to the intenseness of her love, and made a thousand times more

bitter by every recollection of her former unkindness towards those who were now alike insensible to her love, and her repentance. There was, however, one consoling reflection; for during months of their illness, she had been to them a ministering angel. Yet her reflections were sufficiently bitter to steal the color for a while from those blooming cheeks, which nothing else could have paled.

Marcia spent several years at a boarding school, and then went in company with her brother and his angel wife, to spend a few weeks at the Springs. The beautiful orphan, and rich heiress, did not escape admiration and flattery. But she was no coquette: she treated all her admirers and suitors with the same cold, calm, hardly respectful, indifference.

Years had passed. Charles Eltham and Arthur Morton had met as old friends at the Springs, to again renew the early friendship, which had ever glowed in their hearts since their first acquaintance in Illinois.

"Who was that queen-like beauty by your side to-day, Mrs. Morton?" said Eltham, as they

sat together in a private apartment, that evening.

"And is it possible that you have really forgotten your little favorite amid the wild haunts of the Illinois?"

"Was that really Marcia Morton? Impossible! She cannot be so splendidly beautiful—and such expression in her looks!"

"Certainly, Mr. Eltham; six years have produced some change."

At that instant, the young lady in question entered the apartment, along with her brother. There was a slight embarrassment in her manner, as she returned Eltham's salutation; but it passed away, and Eltham found her conversation brilliant, rich and refined. She was no longer the fond, wild girl of fifteen, who had innocently returned his caresses—no longer the wayward, passionate child, but a dignified, graceful, and rather reserved young woman. A slight paleness shadowed her brilliant features, as the conversation turned on long-past days, old familiar scenes. One long-buried, but not forgotten dream of her girlhood, rushed obstinately to her mind, and she was silent. She moved as in

her brilliant sphere of indifference, her heart untouched, and her mind weary of this homage. There was one who remained apparently indifferent to her peerless charms. Charles Eltham treated her in company with a cold, distant respect. In the private circle, at Morton's, he conversed familiarly with her, and seemed happy in her society, but never betrayed any other regard for her than mere common friendship.

Another year had gone by, and wrought its full share of changes. Mary Huntington was a widow. She had long been an orphan, and her brothers were in foreign climes. She resided in the family of her sister Matilda, who was married, and mistress of a hotel at the Springs. Morton and Eltham were again at the Springs. Lucy and Marcia were at home — the home of Marcia's childhood, by the side of the Illinois. Marcia had positively and rather obstinately refused to accompany her brother to the Springs, and Mrs. Morton's presence was required at home a few weeks, at the end of which period she intended joining her husband at the Springs.

Eltham was thrown constantly into the society

of Mrs. Huntington. Indeed, he was always among the invited guests at Patterson's; for Matilda, though she had seldom met him during their long separation, still regarded him as a very particular friend. He and Morton, who was a cousin of hers, were invited to join, as often as it should be convenient, in their private family circle. Eltham, who was much fonder of joining a social circle of friends, than of mixing in promiscuous society, soon became almost an inmate of the family. His presence at first inspired bitter thoughts in the blighted heart of Mary; but as they had met as friends during her husband's life, so they met now. Eltham remembered his early love only as a bright dream, and he often smiled when he thought of his waking disappointment. All resenntment had long been dead, and he regarded Mrs. Huntington as an early and dear friend. She was changed, entirely changed; and in the melancholy widow, with her white, marble cheeks, and smileless lips, none would have recognized the blooming and happy Mary Enfield. Yet she was still an interesting woman, and still

beautiful. In mixed company, he treated her with marked attention; she was his partner in the dance; he listened with rapture when she sung, and his delicate attentions to her were remarked by all observers.

Did he love her? No. Neither did he dream that in her bosom—cold, passionless as she seemed—there could possibly linger a single smothered spark of young affection, to be kindled to a flame.

CHAPTER III.

It was summer,—proud, gorgeous summer—Eltham's health had suffered severely from close application to business, and he was now trying leisure amid the beautiful scenery of Illinois, as a restorative. He and Mrs. Morton were sitting together, one evening, when a letter, directed in a delicate female hand, was brought to him. He gazed at the superscription, in

evident surprise, broke the seal hastily, and glanced at the signature. He changed color, and immediately left the room. When he was alone, he read as follows:

"My Early Friend:—You will be surprised, perhaps displeased, at the reception of a letter from me. I know too well that I am transgressing the received laws of female delicacy in addressing you on the subject I am about to introduce. But when I recollect how much happiness I once recklessly threw away, I would, if possible, regain some small portion of it. You recollect too well my foolish coquetry, my heartless falsehood. I saw you were suspicious of my constancy, and—fool that I was—I resolved to sport with your feelings. Yet, shall I say it? I loved you well. . . . and the thoughts of a final separation, at that time, would have been anguish. I did not know your spirit; you treated me with a degree of indifference, which, in return, roused my resentment. I avoided you, and spent my time with Huntington. I will not now speak particularly of his attention; but at last he taught me to believe I loved him better than I had ever loved you. I married him. I will pass slightly over the events of long, long years. I would not, for all sublunary happiness, pluck one green leaf from his laurel wreath of fame. I would not shadow the unsullied repu-

tation of his name. But had suffering, power to atone for crime, then had my perfidy long since been expiated. I had learned to think of my love for you as something for ever passed. But, shall I own it, in spite of what the world would call indelicacy—in spite of my own burning pride. . . . .that your presence, your conversation, revived all my young affection? Yet would I have smothered and concealed it in my own bosom, had not your delicate attention to me, and some expressions (perhaps they were unguarded) led me to believe my love was returned. Why should we sacrifice a life of happiness to pride or resentment? Do not despise me for what I have written, and I will say adieu.

MARY HUNTINGTON."

He sat alone, with this effusion in his hand, from one he had once warmly, confidingly and absorbingly loved. What memories rushed thick and fast upon his mind!—The hopes, the fears, the bliss, the agonies of youth seemed all present. That fatal evening, when he had rushed from the presence of Mary, his hopes blighted, his fond affections thrown back, pride, scorn, resentment in his heart—then, even then, at that bitter moment, his wild projects of ambition had, for the first time, taken a definite form.

They had grown, at once, into a mixed and immovable resolve to stand one day high on the ladder of ambition, where the proud girl who had just (contemptuously as he thought) discarded the poor, friendless and unknown youth, should look up to the station occupied by the successful youth, and remember her folly. His resolve was partly fulfilled—and that same girl now sued for his favor—offered the hand he once so dearly prized!

LETTER FROM THE HON. MR. ELTHAM.

"To MRS. MARY HUNTINGTON:—I was, indeed, my fair friend, surprised and even pained, at the reception of your letter. You say, why should we sacrifice a life of happiness to pride or resentment? Believe me, I am not influenced by either of those motives. As for pride, I might well be proud of a union with you, and resentment has long, long ago passed from mind—and with it passed my early dream of love. True, I did love you, love you deeply, fervently, and too confidingly. But it became necessary for me to conquer that love: I struggled long and painfully to banish it from my mind. At last I succeeded. I crushed, I trampled it in

the dust—utterly extinguished its last spark! It can never revive! If any of my expressions have implied a continuation of that love, they were indeed unguarded expressions, and I deeply regret them. My particular attentions to you, you should have imparted to friendship. I am very sorry if they have been the cause of unhappiness. I have indeed felt for you, and do still feel, a tender, an uncommon regard; but it is friendship, pure and passionless. As such I sincerely hope it may be returned. Write me; tell me you have abandoned your wild dream of love, and will be my friend, and I shall be happy.

CHARLES ELTHAM.

Mrs. Mary Huntington."

Mary read this letter with all the bitterness of wounded pride, and blighted hope. Her last dream of earthly bliss was over. Miss Morton went one day into Eltham's room, to return a book she had borrowed of him. He was not in the room. As she glanced over some papers on his table, she observed a folded and sealed letter, directed to Mrs. Mary Huntington. She gazed at it some time as if to assure herself that she read aright. "It is then true," she exclaimed, "he is to be married to my proud cousin." And

rushing from the apartment she sought her own room.

A golden sunset, and a long, long ramble on the prairie, had filled the minds of Eltham and the lovely being at his side, with poetry and dreams. "This is wrong—it is foolish," thought Miss Morton, as she stood close by the side of him whose image had, for long years, mingled in her dreams. "These solitary walks, delightful as they are, are only strengthening affection, it will now be crime to indulge. And do I indeed love one who will soon be the husband of another? I love him still, in spite of all my better resolutions!"

"A glorious view," said Eltham. "One may be proud of his country, when he looks on a scene like this."

Here he paused. Then turning to Marcia he said:

"I have never talked to you of love. Perhaps you have never dreamed how deeply and hopelessly I have loved you."

"Mr. Eltham," said Marcia, with a cold and indignant look of pride, "I have always consid-

ered you a friend, and treated you as such; if you value my friendship, you will not renew this trifling. I cannot tolerate insult."

"If my professions of love are insults, I will certainly never again trouble you with the subject. But I think if you felt one particle of that friendship which you profess for me, you would at least repress your anger, and treat me with common respect. I am not aware of deserving your contempt."

"A man deserves contempt the moment he stoops to ——"

She paused abruptly, as they reached the house and glanced towards him a look of indignation.

"To what? Miss Morton."

She hesitated, and then turned towards the door, as if to enter.

"I have a right to demand an explanation," he said, in a low, compressed tone. "It is ungenerous to leave your meaning unexplained."

And he caught hold of her burning and trembling hand to detain her.

She suddenly and with some effort withdrew

her hand, and with one more glance, in which love, pride, resentment and scorn were mingled, entered the house, followed by Eltham.

In the parlor they found several of their young acquaintances, all in high spirits. Marcia joined in the mirth with more than natural animation and wild gaiety. There was a deep, unusually deep and burning glow upon her cheeks; while her lips and brow were deadly pale, and there was almost a maniac wildness in her eyes. The wild flowers the playful Eltham had twined amid her hair, on the prairie, were allowed to remain, and she took no pains to arrange the beautiful but dishevelled tresses. Eltham was reserved and gloomy. Marcia retired as soon as the company were gone, and she wept as wildly as she had laughed and sung.

The next evening Miss Morton sat on a sofa, alone, in a richly furnished apartment. The poems of Julian were in her hand, but she was not reading. She was startled from a long, deep reverie, by the abrupt entrance of Eltham.

"I beg pardon, Miss Morton, for this intru-

sion," said Elteam. "I thought you attended Mrs P——'s spendid party to-night."

"And I too believed you there," she replied.

An awkward silence.

"And so you read Julian's poems sometimes," said Eltham, as he sat down by Marcia's side.

She made no reply, but dashed away a gathering tear.

"You are sad to-night, Marcia. May I be permitted to inquire the cause?"

"The cause, certainly, is nothing which can possibly interest you, but I am indeed sad, and in no humor to enjoy company; forgive me—but I beg you would leave me."

"Yes, I will retire immediately; but first give me leave to say that your conduct towards me has been ungenerous—unworthy a woman of sense and refinement—and to me it has been, and still is, inexplicable. Whatever may be your remaining faults, I think you have entirely conquered your propensity to flatter. Miss Morton is quite as innocent of that crime as I am. Perhaps, however, I spoke severely—but remember you have used language to me, which,

if used by a gentleman, would have justified me in demanding an explanation. Now, Miss Morton, if you have one particle of the generosity or frankness I once imputed to you, you will not leave your conduct unexplained. You told me last evening I deserved contempt, and you have been paying it off profusely. Will you now condescend to inform me in what manner I had deserved it?"

"Yes, I will. Your declaration of love was either insult to me, or perfidy to another. As either, I have a right to resent it."

"Perfidy to another! Is it possible, Miss Morton, that you believe the common report, that I was engaged to be married to Mrs. Huntington?"

"I did. And were you not so engaged?"

"Certainly not. But what reasons had you for believing this foolish story?"

"A variety of reasons. In the first place, your very particular attentions, which I presume you will not deny, implied an engagement. And then your sister believed it; or at least I have reason to suppose she believed it, and then

Miss ——, who, you know is the intimate friend and bosom confidant of my cousin, told me in confidence you were so engaged. She, you must have discovered, is an artful and unprincipled girl. But there was another reason, stronger with me than all the rest."

"And pray what was that?"

"You certainly will not deny corresponding with Mrs. Huntington?"

"No, I will not; but there was nothing in that correspondence, which, as your professed lover, I would be unwilling you should read. As for what you are pleased to call my very particular attentions to that lady, they were dictated entirely by friendship—and so she understands them, whatever the world may say to the contrary. But why so very positive about the correspondence?"

"Because I saw on your table a letter directed in your handwriting, to Mrs. Mary Huntington."

"And may I ask if this belief that I was engaged to another, influenced materially your conduct towards me?"

"It did very materially."

"And are you now convinced that such an engagement never existed?"

"I have certainly no right or inclination to dispute your candor."

The conversation now took a somewhat gentler turn. We will not stay to repeat it. But there was a wedding at Morton's the next fall. The proud beauty, the rich heiress, gave her hand confidingly to the poor but noble-hearted Eltham. Six years from that time Charles Eltham, with his still beautiful and devoted wife, were pleasantly situated on the lovely banks of the Illinois.

THE YOUNG TUTOR.

ZELIA was an only and idolized child. Since her mother's death, every wish, every feeling of her youthful heart had been indulged. She was the image of his lost, his loved one, and her father cherished her as the only flower of his lonely partêrre. On her he expended all the fervency, all the earnestness of his love. She was dearer to him than life itself; and when he witnessed her childish delight at Walter's visits, he cheerfully broke through his established rules, and told him in a few words, that his presence would be as light to his dwelling.

Her father had been too jealous of his beautiful child to suffer her to seek instruction away from home; but he was delighted at Walter Durand's proposal to become her tutor. She

showed decided talents for music and painting; and, under the instruction of the young tutor, Zelia made rapid progress.

And each day her love grew stronger, yet hard she strove to smother it in her own bosom. We all know the power of love in subduing prejudices, and overcoming difficulties. Constantly with Walter, her thoughts, her feelings were imbibed from, or colored by his. Did Walter reciprocate this love? Deeply, passionately. Her beauty and child-like sweetness had at first attracted his notice, and now, added to these charms, he had as it were moulded her mind and heart, and almost worshipped the being who had been committed to his charge; but honor kept her place firmly in his heart. He felt that great would be his sin to gain the love of that young happy heart, which could never, by her father's will be his; and that father had received him and trusted him as a friend. No! never would he betray the precious trust which had been so confidingly reposed in him. His mind was soon determined; he would fly from Zelia, fly from her sweet friendship, which had been to him such

happiness. No longer would his evenings be passed in listening to the songs he had taught her—no longer would he guide that little hand whose slightest touch caused a thrill through his very heart; no longer would he sit and gaze on her dark eyes, forgetting earth, heaven, all but her sweet self. But, in denying himself this happiness, he would at least be gaining that of an approving conscience.

The evening preceding that fixed upon for his departure, he entered the house of Mr. Hartland to visit Zelia, for the last time. He paused at the half opened door of Zelia's room. He entered, and seating himself by her side, clasped her hand in his. She turned her full gaze upon him, with such a look of confidence, holy, confiding feeling, that for the first time the thrilling thought 'She loves me!' rose in his heart, and almost overcame his fortitude. Could he determine now, when he first felt assured that his love was returned, to dash from his lips the brimming cup? Could he resolve to destroy the beaming glance of those eyes so full of deep feeling!

His resolution lingered, his lips faltered, the tempter was fast weaving his net around him: but with a firm, a strong effort, he threw from him the weakness, and in a low but calm voice told Zelia of business that called him far from her. In an instant she was transformed; those eyes, but late revealing the depths of her pure loving heart, now sank beneath his glance; tears gathered and fell over her pale and agitated face; and her whole frame quivered with excess of emotion. Durand could bear it no longer; and drawing her head unresistingly to his bosom, he mingled his tears with hers.

"Zelia, dearest love, I can no longer endure the burden of silence—silence that, like a mountain, has weighed down my very heart. I loved, nay, idolized you, but I dare not ask you to love me in return. Your father—who has received me as a son—in whose house I have enjoyed more happiness than I ever thought or dreamed of. . . . Can I then ask you to love me? Can I wish to take from him his beloved child—her on whom his very life rests. Can I deceive him who has trusted me and be worthy of your

love? No, Zelia, his dear heart shall never be saddened by me—by me on whom he has lavished so much love."

"But you mistake if you think that Zelia, who has loved you, can ever be the bride of another. I know what you are going to say, that I am young; but, believe me, this poor heart can never know change until death."

Mr. Hartland, who had been listening for the last half hour, to the conversation that passed between the two lovers, now entered the room, and taking Zelia by the hand, he said, while a tear trickled down his pallid cheek:

"My dear, my only child, you have ever been all to me that a child could be; but ere long I feel that I must be an inhabitant of the spirit land, and leave you to share the friendship of a cold-hearted world. Zelia, dear child, you know not how long I have read your young heart, and that of Walter's. Nay, tremble not, my children; I heard your last conversation and find that you are worthy of my love and each other. For months I have watched your growing love,

and could not wish to check it. Guard her, Walter, guard her young, pure heart. I now give her to you."

We will not stay to repeat the conversation which followed; but will say that Mr. Hartland had the pleasure of seeing his beautiful daughter married to Walter Durand, ere the autumn winds withered the summer's rich bloom.

Three years passed away and left Zelia a poor and broken-hearted orphan. Walter, by degrees, became neglectful of her, and at parties, he would chat, laugh and dance with the trifling and vain, while the more sensible portion of the company would gather around her, delighted by her fine manners and polished conversation. But what to her was the admiration of the multitude, when she was suffering for the want of the sunny beams of affection? Her heart was like a sensitive plant, and shrank as instinctively from the slightest breath of unkindness as does the Mimosa from an uncongenial atmosphere. She became feeble and melancholy; and when he demanded her reason for refusing to attend parties, she gave him to understand that she

thought her presence would be little missed by him, and she preferred remaining at home.

One evening, Walter returned home at a late hour and found Zelia lying upon a bed, the servants weeping, and a physician in attendance, who said she was suffering from a spasm on the heart, which he attributed to fatigue. She soon revived, and greeted him with a smile of unutterable sadness, but no more of reproach escaped her lips. She then sank into a stupor, and remained some days in a state of unconsciousness. During this time, he was unremitting in his attentions, and as soon as her strength was sufficiently restored to hear him with safety, he fell on his knees and most earnestly implored her forgiveness. She replied: "My dear Walter, may God forgive you as freely, as fully as I do."

But in vain were all his cares to restore her to health. She wasted away, like a flower of earth. Eminent physicians were consulted, but to no effect. Her disease was one which no medicine could remove.

It was a beautiful evening in September. Ze-

lia awoke from a sweet slumber and desired to speak with her husband. He entered and approached the bed, when Zelia took him by the hand, saying: "My dear Walter, I have much that I wish to say before I leave this world. I blame myself that I did not make sufficient exertion to win you back, and render your home the most attractive place on earth. I yielded too soon to gloom and despair; and it was but natural that you, in health and cheerfulness, should seek society more congenial with your feelings. For this, my great mistake, I beg your forgiveness. Let your future life, as far as may be, atone for the errors of the past. Seek to do good, and prepare to meet our dear parents in that world where parting will be no more. Dear Walter, farewell."

She gave him her hand, they exchanged a parting kiss; and both remained silent. He watched her in grief, and after a few moments of apparent slumber, she once more roused herself, and a smile of heavenly peace rested on her

countenance, and, giving him a look of forgiving tenderness, her spirit departed.

For Zelia now poor Walter weeps,
And o'er her grave his vigil keeps,
Nor does he leave her grassy mound
But lies upon the cold, damp ground.

A CHEERING THOUGHT.

My trials now on earth are o'er,
And I can suffer here no more,
Calmly I now resign my breath,
And welcome thou messenger of death.

Joyfully I leave all things below
And gladly to my Savior go,
Angels will waft my soul away,
Forever with the blest to stay.

Friends, whom I leave behind awhile,
Soon you shall share my Savior's smile
If faithful while on earth you roam,
Angels shall waft your spirits home.

Farewell, my friends, weep not for me,
Since Christ hath set my spirit free,
No troubles cross my peaceful breast,
For in my Savior's arms I rest.

THE ORPHAN CHILD.

I soon must close my eyes in death,
And who will receive my parting kiss?
And who will shed the farewell tear,
When the last rays of life disappear?

Who will make the shroud for me?
And who will my pall-bearers be?
And who shall stand in the sacred desk,
When my soul hath reached a heaven of rest?

And who'll prepare my narrow bed?
And who will close the coffin-lid?
Who will lower me in the narrow cell,
When my spirit doth with Jesus dwell?

And who shall watch the fragrant rose
That decks the grave where I repose?
And who will cull the rose that blooms
Upon my meek and early tomb?

Who will raise the marble stone
At my head when I am gone?
And who shall read, as they pass by,
They too, like me must faint and die?

THE ORPHAN'S BENEFACTRESS.

"GOOD MORNING, my dear; why do you weep?" said Virginia, as she placed her hand upon the shoulder of a little girl, who stood at her door. She replied as she wiped away the falling tear: "It is not for myself, but for my mother."

"Your mother, child; what is the matter?" said Virginia, drawing her to her side. "Believe me your friend and tell me all."

"My mother," said the trembling girl, "is very sick and has nothing for her comfort."

"What? have you no father?" said Virginia, anxious to know more of the little stranger's history. "And what is your name?"

"My name is Julia Mason, whose father died some years ago."

"Well, my dear, do not weep. I will assist you."

Julia's heart swelled with emotion as she accompanied her kind benefactress to the lonely dwelling of her afflicted mother. On reaching the house, Virginia entered, finding Mrs. Mason lying upon a pile of straw, in one corner of the desolate room, apparently asleep. Julia approached the spot, and kneeling by her side, whispered in a soft tone: "Dear mother, here is a kind lady who has promised to be our friend, and we may again be happy."

At that moment Virginia approached, and taking the invalid by the hand said: "My friend, you are certainly afflicted;" while a tear stole down her blooming cheek. Mrs. Mason only answered by tears. "But," said Virginia, "the Lord is able to do great things for you yet, and I trust that I may be an instrument in his hand of doing something for you."

Mrs. Mason thanked the lady for her kindness, and Virginia took her leave, promising to call again the next morning.

The next day dawned brightly, and Virginia arose with a glad heart, and preparing the morning's meal in haste, she sallied forth in pursuit of her benevolent purpose. She thought the sun had never shone so sweetly before, and the beams that strayed through the shrubbery, as she crossed a little stream on her way, seemed dancing gaily on the grass plot, as if playing at bo-peep among the beautiful flowers, and the brook itself had never rung its chimes so musically before. She did not know that the wires which gave forth all this melody were vibrating in her own heart; and that gratified benevolence was the seraph-minstrel whose magic touch was thrilling the silvery cords, whose mysterious music tones are but stray notes—detached chimes of that anthem, whose full harmonial symphonies roll ever from the angelic harps that surround the throne of Eternal Majesty, whose eye of love is never clouded or dim; but surveys with equal care the vast and ponderous globes which wheel their circling marches through the unknown realms of trackless space, and the frail children of his bounty who bloom,

and fade, and die, in this diminutive portion of his domains.

Virginia rapped lightly at the door, and was admitted by Julia, on whose features rested a shade of sadness; but it seemed so blended with unmurmuring patience, that the beholder could not fail to perceive the young spirit had been moulded under the influences of those principles that kindled the undying flame upon the innermost shrine of the heart; the pure altar-fire of love and devotion, which, purging the soul from the dross of false pride and undue ambition, teaches it to look for happiness where alone it can be found, namely, in the paths of virtue and piety. The poor woman had passed a restless night, and was much exhausted, and it would seem that Virginia had anticipated this, for she had brought some cordial and refreshments. After partaking of some nourishment, the sick one was able to sit up a little, and thanked her visitor for her kind attention.

"Heaven has bestowed upon you a kind heart," said she, "may you never feel its warm

affections crushed by the heartlessness of a selfish world, or blighted by the chill blast of penury and desolation."

Mrs. Mason informed Virginia that they had formerly possessed a good property, but her husband had sold all, and gone to the far West, where he purchased a large tract of land, and had commenced improvements preparatory to moving his family there, when he became a victim to the fevers of the climate. Mrs. Mason wrote frequently, but could learn nothing satisfactory, and finally received a letter informing her that the title under which her husband purchased was not good; so she was left penniless to struggle alone life's thorny way, with none to protect her, save Him who is the orphan's father, and widow's God. "I am now alone in the world save this poor orphan," said the mother, as she put back the tresses from the fair brow of Julia who was kneeling by her side. Tears of joy glistened on Virginia's face as she bestowed her gifts, and saw the expressions of gratitude enliven her pallid features. "You are an angel of mercy," said the suffering one,

as the warm blood rose even to her marble brow. "Language is too poor to speak the emotions of the grateful heart. I can never repay you; but He who planted in your heart the principles of active benevolence, will be ever near you to shed upon your spirit the radiance of love."

Having arranged a comfortable bed, and other things as far as her circumstances would admit, Virginia returned home promising to call again soon.

A few evenings after this scene a joyous party assembled at Mr. Wilton's in honor of his daughter's birth-day. We need not stay to describe the decorations or illuminations of the house, for at the time of which we are speaking, the rage for display and maintaining the just rank in ostentatious luxuries had not attained its medium height. But as every one loved Virginia for her unpretending goodness, they were not the less happy to tender their homage to her this evening, as the queen of the festivities. The Misses Nealands were there, splendidly attired in white satin, and turning to Virginia,

asked if Mr. Elmer were not to be of her party. "I do not know," said she, "is he not here? I presume father invited him."

The dance had been some time begun when a plain, but elegantly dressed gentleman entered the room, and after the usual ceremonies took a proffered seat beside Mrs. Nealand, with whom he was slightly acquainted, she having managed to procure herself an introduction to him, since his recent abode in the village.

"Who is that beautiful girl in the dance," inquired Mr. Elmer, after a pause in conversation, "that one, so simply attired in plain muslin, with the white rose in her hair? She seems the personification of cheerful goodness."

"That is Miss Wilton," said the superfine lady, biting her lip with vexation. "Amelia, my love, will you take the fan? The heat is oppressive. I do not wonder you decline dancing."

The tutored damsel bowed and smiled languidly and by mere chance raised her beautiful eyes with deliberate timidity to the gaze of the stranger. It was plain from Mrs. N.'s satisfied

look, that he regarded her with admiration, for she was really a lovely girl. But his gaze was soon carelessly withdrawn, as if those features lacked some lustre of expression that might radiate upon the mirror he carried in his heart. He was a noble looking man, in the prime of manhood. The expansive brow was finely marked, and his eye was the mirror of all the noble qualities that dwelt in his breast. Calm, clear, and discriminating, it looked to the face divine for the delineation of the soul. A shade, approaching to sadness, rested on his features. He had returned to his native land after a long absence, to find the household hearth deserted, dead, or dispersed he knew not where. He was now in search of a wife, even as Mrs. Nealand had divined; but he sought not wealth or superficial accomplishments, but a true, kind heart, on which his own might repose its cares, and lavish its wealth of affection.

Just as the self-satisfied Mrs. N. had begun to congratulate herself upon the certainty of Amelia's producing an impression upon the rich stranger, he remarked: "It is long since I have

danced, but I have a great mind to join the fantastic measure. May I presume upon your favor for an introduction to Miss Wilton?"

It was with ill-concealed chagrin that she presented him to Virginia, and saw him lead the dance with her, plainly clad as she was, while her own petted idol was left to languish in her well worn delicacy of appearance.

The evening passed in mirth and hilarity, and an early hour saw all parties quietly seeking that repose which is as necessary after enjoyment as labor.

"I wonder where Virginia can be going?" said Mrs. Turner, as she was fanning herself in Mrs. Nealand's parlor, at sunset, a few days after the party.

"I see her passing every day, at about the same hour," replied Mrs. N. "I should hardly think she could find time to leave work every day to ramble, being so penurious as she is."

"Penurious?" said Mrs. S., "I thought her a generous hearted girl. I believe she is the only one who could fulfill the arduous duties of her station. I know she is sadly tied to drudg-

ery, poor thing; perhaps that may be an excuse for her miserly turn."

It so happened that Mr. Elmer was enjoying a social chat with Mr. Nealand at the farther part of the room, yet he evidently heard the conversation, as it was intended he should. A shade of painful dissatisfaction passed over his fine features for a moment, for he could not but perceive that malice dictated her speech. And it produced a contrary effect from what she intended, for it awakened in him a slight interest in behalf of Virginia, as he wished to know what secret cause existed for this display of unkind feeling. He was, however a stranger, and could not hope to learn the secret at present.

"I am told there is a desolate lady near the village," said a gentleman, one day, as he entered a store, "who is suffering severely from want and disease. Indeed, it is thought she is near death."

"And are there none to relieve her wants?" asked Mr. Elmer, with surprise.

"She has no friends that I know of," said

the gentleman, "but Miss Wilton, I am told, has been very charitable to her indeed, and visits her every day, though she is no relative of hers."

"No friends!" exclaimed Mr. Elmer; "will you please to direct me to her residence?"

Mr. Turner, as this was the gentleman's name, with a somewhat mortified air, gave him the direction, and he started in pursuit of the victime of poverty. He rapped at the miserable abode, and was admitted by a lovely girl upon whom he gazed with more than ordinary interest for a moment, and then took a proffered seat. The little girl retired to another room, and soon Miss Virginia Wilton came out and passed the compliments of the morning.

"I am glad to find myself preceded by an angel of mercy to this place. Will you be so kind as to make use of this, for the benefit of the poor woman?" said Mr. Elmer, as he handed her his purse.

"I fear, Sir," said the lady, "that money can avail little with her. We had the advice

of a physician this morning, and he thinks she can survive but a short time."

Is the sick woman a friend of yours ?" asked Mr. Elmer.

"I have never seen her, Sir, till within a few days, except at church."

Mr. Elmer took his leave, saying, "If there is not enough to supply her wants I will leave more."

"Thank you," said Virginia, "this will do for the present."

Just then a low moan from the inner room caught their ear, and Virginia hastened to the bed-side of the sufferer, where she found her in the agonies of death. She smiled, but it was chilled by a fearful pang; a shudder, a faint gasp for breath, and all was over. Julia held the hand of her mother's corpse. The neighbors were immediately summoned and the last sad offices for the dead performed. The poor little orphan's grief was assuaged by the kind hearted Miss Wilton, who took her home and cared for her as a sister.

This act of benevolence awakened the warm-

est affection in the heart of Mr. Elmer, who from this time paid his addresses entirely to Miss Wilton, and in less than one year she was made the happy bride of George Elmer. With them the little orphan ever found a welcome home.

THE REWARD OF A DUTIFUL SON.

Mr. Lewis had, by industry and economy, accumulated a large property, and was considered immensely rich. But riches take to themselves wings, and fly away; and so it was with Mr. Lewis's riches at the time of his death. He was greatly involved in debt, and each of his creditors, eager to secure their full amount, crowded heavily Mrs. Lewis. She was a very intelligent woman, proud spirited, and would have parted with every cent rather than one of his creditors should remain unpaid. At length his estate was settled, leaving but a small sum for the support of Mrs. Lewis, an aged father, and one child, who was about twelve years of age. Mrs. Lewis soon left her splendid man-

sion, walks, gardens, yards, and all that was pleasant within and without. She purchased a small cottage in a more retired part of the village, where she was enabled, by her industry and economy, to keep Charles at school until his eighteenth year; and, during this period, he had made great proficiency in his studies.

Charles was a very bright, intelligent, and interesting fellow, and a gentleman in every respect.

It was a beautiful evening in September—the moon poured forth its gentle rays through the windows of Mrs. L.'s cottage, as she and her son sat by the fire which was blazing upon the hearth, until the village clock had tolled the hour of ten. Charles did not like to commence the subject, which had rested with such weight upon his mind through the day; but he had resolved that he would not retire to rest until he had consulted his mother concerning his departure to the village of T——. At length he said, with a tremulous voice, "Mother, our little bank is nearly expended, and I think I had better try to secure a situation in some shop, where

my salary will be sufficient to provide you and grandfather with the comforts of life. As I was looking over a paper yesterday, my eyes rested on an advertisement, which stated that Mr. C.——, wholesale merchant in the village of T——, was in want of a clerk, and if both liked, he would pay a liberal sum. Now, mother, if you think best, I will prepare to leave here on Monday, and perhaps he will give me a situation."

There was a profound silence for some minutes. At length she replied, while the tears stole down her cheeks, "Charles, we should feel very lonely if you were to leave us."

Charles, perceiving the emotion of his mother, said, with a cheerful voice, "Yes; but then it is only about seventy miles, and I shall visit you quite often—besides, I shall write every now and then."

Mrs. Lewis was not prepared for this dilemma, although she well knew that Charles must ere long leave home, to act for himself, and share the friendship of a cold-hearted world; yet she looked upon it at a distance.

"Charles," said Mrs. Lewis, "I am not prepared to give you an answer to-night; I will think of it, and talk more with you in the morning."

Charles saw that his mother was too much affected to press the question further, and getting up, he bid her good night, and left the room. On reaching his room, he knelt beside his bed, and poured out his soul in prayer to God, and earnestly besought Him that He would guide and protect them through all the varied scenes of life: that their souls might be prepared for an eternal rest in heaven. Charles spent that night in meditation, and anxiously looked for the coming morn.

At length the tardy morn appeared, and Charles arose to hear the decision of his mother. Charles, feeling so much anxiety upon the subject, could not wait for his mother to commence the conversation.

"Well, mother, how have you decided? Do you think I had better try my fortune?"

"Charles," said his mother, "I know that it is very essential that you should do something

for a livelihood. The thought of your leaving home is heart-rending to me."

"Yes, mother, it will be very unpleasant to be separated; but I trust that in a few years I shall be enabled to save enough of my wages to secure a comfortable home for you and grandfather; and then we will enjoy each other's society until we are separated by the icy hand of death."

At length the time for his departure arrived. The carriage-wheels were seen rolling rapidly to the dock, and Charles, after taking his leave, seated himself in the coach, leaving his afflicted mother standing in the door of her cottage. Charles felt that this was the most trying scene that he had ever experienced; and covering his face with his hands, gave vent to a flood of tears.

On reaching the mansion of Mr. C——, he immediately sought an interview with him, and readily informed him of the object of his visit. Mr. C—— was much pleased with his appearance, and informed him that he would give him employ as long as they were both suited.

Charles felt that Providence had opened a door whereby he might, by industry and economy, prepare a home for his bereft mother and grandfather.

At length the night approached, and Charles was conducted into an upper room, which was allotted him. Charles, after looking around the apartment, sat down to read a chapter in the Bible which had been given him by his mother on the day of his departure. After he had finished the chapter, he knelt down in the presence of Him who hath pledged himself that He will not turn them away empty who ask in faith. The next morning, Charles arose with a light heart, to perform the duties which devolved upon him. In a few days he wrote a letter to his mother, informing her that he had been successful in getting a situation with Mr. C——, and promised to write again at the end of the month.

Days and weeks passed pleasantly with Charles, and at the end of the month he wrote a long and affectionate letter to his mother, enclosing twenty dollars. He said, "Here, moth-

er, is a little money, which will be of some use to you; and, before this is gone, I hope, by the blessing of God, that I shall be enabled to send you more."

Mr. C—— was one of the first in society, and wished to have all around him bear an aristocratic appearance. Month after month passed on, and Mr. C—— often looked at Charles, and wondered what could be the cause of his being so poorly clad. One day, on entering the counting-room, he found Charles alone, and then resolved to ascertain the real cause. He said, in a mild tone, "Charles, if your salary is not sufficient to supply you with fashionable apparel, I will increase it."

Charles seemed greatly embarrassed, and said, "O, yes, Sir—amply sufficient." Mr. C—— saw that Charles was somewhat embarrassed, and left the room.

Some few weeks after, Mr. C—— was obliged to leave home for the space of eight or ten days on business, leaving his affairs in the charge of Charles Lewis. It was a very warm day in July, and Mr. C—— had rode many miles be-

neath the scorching rays of the sun, and on reaching a very respectable hotel, he called to rest awhile in the heat of the day. Mr. C—— knew that Mrs. Lewis resided in this village, and after taking some refreshment, feeling a great anxiety to learn her situation, he inquired of the landlord where Mrs. Lewis resided. The landlord soon informed him, and soon he was on his way to her cottage, under the pretence of wishing to purchase it. On reaching the cottage, he knocked at the door, and was accosted by a middle-aged woman, who very politely invited him to walk in. He soon informed her of his business, and asked her if she wished to dispose of her cottage. Mrs. Lewis hesitated a moment, and then said—"I cannot give you an answer until I have consulted my son."

"Your son—where is he?"

"He is a clerk for a wholesale merchant in the village of T——."

"What is his name?" inquired Mr. C——.

"Charles Lewis," said the old woman, "and a worthy lad he is. He is all that we have to depend upon for our support, and I am quite

sure that he sends us all, or nearly all of his wages."

"Charles Lewis!" said Mr. C——, appearing much surprised, "he is my clerk."

"Your clerk?" rejoined Mrs. Lewis, while her heart beat with joy at the thought of hearing so directly from her long absent son. After a long conversation, Mr. C—— arose, and placing a well-filled purse into the old man's hand, said—"Here is a small sum, which may be of some use to you, if you will accept it."

The old man raising his head from his staff, while the tears stole down his withered cheeks, uttered, in a tremulous tone, "May God bless you!"

Mr. C——, bidding them good afternoon, retraced his steps to the Inn, and proceeded on his journey. On reaching his home, he found that Charles had faithfully performed the duties which had been entrusted to his care. Charles had been gone from home a long time, and wishing to visit his mother, said—

"Mr. C——, if it would be convenient, I

should like to be absent a week or ten days."

"O yes, or longer if you wish."

Mr. C—— left the store, and on entering the room where Julia and her mother sat sewing, he said—

"So Charles is about to leave us."

"About to leave us!—Charles about to leave us!" rejoined Julia, dropping the work she had in her hands.

"Yes, child; and what is there wonderful in that?"

"O nothing, father, only I thought we should be rather lonesome—that's all," while her heart swelled at the thought of being separated from the object of her affection. She arose and left the room.

Mr. C—— saw her emotion, and soon followed her to her room, and thus addressed her—

"Tell me my child, do you love Charles?"

"I never kept anything hid from you, neither will I now—I *do* love him *sincerely;* but do not tell him for the world, for he has never told me that his love was returned."

"Never mind, I will see to that," said Mr.

C——, leaving the room. Soon after he re-entered the store, and found Charles alone.

"Charles," said he, "could you not defer your journey a week or ten days?"

"O yes," replied Charles, "or longer if you wish."

"It would oblige me very much—as Julia is about to be married, we wish you to attend the wedding."

"Married!—Julia to be married!" said Charles, rising from his seat, and walking the floor with rapid strides.

"Yes; and what is there surprising in that?"

"Nothing—O nothing, Sir: rather sudden—that is all. But indeed, Sir, I *cannot* stay."

"Why, you just said that you would."

"Well, indeed, Sir, I *cannot*. Command me in anything else, and I will obey."

"Charles," said Mr. C——, "tell me frankly, do you love my daughter?"

Charles was sensible that his agitation had betrayed him, and said—

"Had I the fortune that she is worthy of, I

should think myself the happiest being on earth could I obtain her."

"Say nothing about riches, Charles — you shall have her."

"Sir, I scorn to deceive you: I am poorer than you are aware: I have a mother"—

"I know it—I know it all," interrupted Mr. C——. "I have enough to place you both beyond want. But, as your business is so urgent, we shall have to defer the wedding, for you cannot stay."

"Beg your pardon," said Charles," laughing, "my business can easily be deferred, and that with pleasure."

Mr. C—— soon returned to inform Julia of the conversation which had passed between himself and Charles. At length the evening appeared. Charles and Julia, for the first time, confessed their love to each other, which they had so long cherished; and speedy preparations were then made for their marriage. Mr. C—— soon ordered a carriage to be sent for Mrs. Lewis and her aged father to attend the wedding. Mr. C——'s mansion was furnished with

the nicest and richest of everything, and that regardless of cost.

At length the day for their nuptials arrived—the aristocratic guests were assembled, and all seemed to rejoice with the happy couple. After the marriage ceremony was performed, they partook of the luxuries which had been prepared for the occasion, with great satisfaction. The time passed pleasantly on, until the hour arrived for their departure, leaving the happy group to enjoy the blessings which God had bestowed upon them. Mrs. Lewis and her aged father spent the remainder of their days in the enjoyment of the society of their affectionate children. Charles and Julia proved a blessing to Mr. and Mrs. C——, and were instrumental, in the hands of God, of leading them to the fold of Christ.

Reader, remember that the Scripture says, "Seek first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, and all things shall be added unto you."

EVA, THE LITTLE CHRISTIAN.

CHAPTER I.

It was a fine morning in December, and people were going to and fro, carrying baskets of evergreens, to dress out their windows, and to adorn their chimney pieces for the approaching Christmas day; others were buying or selling these innocent decorations, and either walking abroad for recreation and amusement, or hurrying on to their respective mansions; while not a few, of common place character, and more ordinary pursuits, were intent on their respective business, or hastening homeward to plain fireside enjoyments, in the bosom of their less elegant, but ofttimes more happy families. Each and all of them seemed intent on some object connected with the present hour. Few or none appeared to be ruminating on the shortness of

time, or the vanities of this world! Few seemed to have eternity before them, or to be aware of the interesting life and approaching death of little Eva; they entered not into her joys, nor did they partake of her sorrows. The greater part of them had never heard her name pronounced, much less did they know how the Lord was conducting her through this vale of tribulation toward the kingdom of heaven. But this was of no consequence. He who clothes the grass of the field, and provides for the fowls of the air, had given this child food and raiment; and having these, she was therewith content and happy; her young, but enlightened mind had been enabled to discover the pearl of great price; and her soul had grasped it as her own inestimable treasure. The Lord Jesus had given unto her his peace, and the world could not increase or take it away. Hence she could well forego all the attentions and sympathies of the vain and busy tribes of men; of that world which know not God, nor love his Son Jesus Christ.

After awhile we reached the dwelling of little

Eva. On entering the first room from the street, the couch of the sick child immediately presented itself. It had been brought into that apartment, and placed in one corner not far from the grate that she might enjoy the warmth of the fire, and the constant presence and assistance of some of the family. So far all was well. On entering the room where little Eva lay for some time, I felt myself unable to do more than silently to gaze on the emaciated, but still sweet looking child's countenance. I could not request the family to withdraw, and while they were present, I, for a while, could say nothing. Her father at length broke in on our unprofitable silence, by saying,

"Well, Eva, I have brought a kind lady to talk to you about heaven, and about your soul and about Jesus Christ. She loves children who love their Savior."

She turned her bright black eyes upon me, and smiled, and moved her lips; but the sounds fell short, they were too faint to reach my ear.

"She can only speak in a whisper," said her father. "You must go nearer."

I did so, and while the mother was reaching a chair, the repeated smile of little Eva's countenance, and the pleasing look she first cast on her father, and on myself, spoke plain enough to this effect: "Lady, you are welcome here; I am glad of one more opportunity to hear of my dear Savior, and to tell to others that I love him." Indeed, there was not one symptom of confusion or fear about her. Her whole manner was calculated to do away all my hesitations and to lead me on at once to a familiar conversation. Nor did I leave her without having cause to say to myself, "It is good for me that I have both seen and conversed with thee, thou happy and interesting stranger!"

In the course of my conversation with this child, I learned that it was a considerable while ago since the Lord had more especially convinced her of her lost and fallen condition, as a child of Adam. She had, indeed, been a considerable time in a well-conducted Sunday School, and had received one of the first prizes, a copy of an elegant edition of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, as a reward for diligence and

good behavior; but she did not note any particular stage of her Christian experience from what she read or heard there, nor did it appear that her teachers were acquainted with what was passing within her bosom. After the Lord had, himself, convinced her of sin, and directed her soul to Christ Jesus for salvation, she became very earnest in her attendance on every public means of grace, and was much edified under the preaching of the Word. Although so young, and never prompted by any one to attempt such a thing, she had, for a good while, been in the habit of writing down the texts and and heads of most of the sermons she heard preached. But such was her humility and her fear of being thought too highly of after her decease, that, not long before her death, she took the opportunity of her mother's absence, and prevailed on her sister to burn all these little interesting papers. The parent came in just time enough to see them consuming, but not in time to rescue any part of them from the devouring flames.

I shall not attempt to give the particulars of

my conversation with her. Suffice it to say, that through the whole she expressed her conviction that she should soon die—that she was a great sinner, and merited no good thing at the hand of God: but that she believed Jesus Christ had died for her, and that she loved him, and longed to depart to be with him. I thanked the Lord that I had seen her—that I had been permitted to converse and to pray with her—that I had witnessed the power of divine grace in her soul. I was about to leave; and short as our acquaintance had been, it was found sufficiently long to call forth the tear of affectionate sorrow at that moment of separation. As I turned from her couch, to open the door, I said to myself, "Farewell, my young sister, farewell, until we meet in an undying world, and hail each other in a kingdom—

> "Unstain'd by woe, unchang'd by years
> Unlike this gloomy valo of tears."

In the full assurance that she would soon be beyond the reach of every pain and conflict, I felt all that is expressed in the following hymn,

and I wish to express the whole as referring to little Eva:

Happy soul, thy days near ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go!
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Savior stands above,
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

Struggle through the latest passion
To thy Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest;
For the joy he sets before thee
Bear a momentary pain,
Die, to live the life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

CHAPTER II.

A FEW days after, I again called for little Eva, whom I found in the embrace of death. The family had gathered around the couch of the dying Christian, to receive her last and final adieu until they should meet her beyond the shores of time, to part no more. As I approached her couch, she extended her hand and said, with a smile, "My good lady, I am about

to leave this world: my spirit must soon depart." I then asked her if Christ was still precious to her soul. "O yes," she replied, "I long to be with Him."

She then requested all her books and trinkets to be brought down stairs; these she divided and gave to different members of the family, as tokens of affectionate love. Her Bible she now gave to her mother, with particular orders that it should never be parted with. She then gave directions about her funeral, naming the young people she wished to carry her corpse, and those she should like to attend the ceremony as pall-bearers. All this was done with as much composure as any person would have made arrangements for a journey, or any common event of life. For many months past, her mind had been impressed with the conviction that she should not long continue to be an inhabitant of this lower world; and anxious, if possible, when dead, to benefit her surviving relatives, and to proclaim to the world her love to, and confidence in, Christ. She wished to be buried in such a spot, as that her relatives might, every time

they went to and from church, behold her resting place, and be reminded of their approaching end. From the same pious motive of benefiting survivors, she wished that a monumental inscription, expressive of her faith, and of the desires and feelings of her mind, might be placed over her mouldering dust, to admonish and encourage others to seek the Lord for themselves. With this view she finally chose the following lines for her epitaph:

> While thou, my Jesus, still art nigh,
> Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
> Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
> To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

This done, she told those about her, that her time was drawing near—that she should soon be gone, but that she had no fear of dying. She then made several attempts to speak, but was unable. After watching her some time, I then said, "My dear Eva, if you are happy—if you you are satisfied that Jesus loves you, lift up your hand." No sooner was this request made, than she raised her poor, emaciated arm in token that she was happy in the assurance of the love of Christ. From that moment she lay in

the arms of her gentle and good Shepherd, who carried her, in sweet composure, through those waters which have alarmed many an older Christian than little Eva; nor did he leave her until her happy spirit had clean escaped the prison of the body, and fled to the assembly of angels, and mingled with those who compose the church triumphant above. On the Sabbath following, her body was consigned to the grave, as near as possible to the chancel door of her parish church, the spot she herself had previously fixed upon, as being the most likely to present her grave to the eyes of her brothers and sisters as they approached the house of God. The young people whom she had chosen for that purpose, carried and attended her corpse to its long home, agreeably to her wish; and then the mourners returned to their respective homes.

Thus ended the brief pilgrimage of little Eva. In the short period of thirteen years, she had run the race appointed for her; and at its conclusion we doubt not but she obtained the crown of victory.

EMMA, THE BELLE OF THE VILLAGE.

I PEN the following in the language of the physician who witnessed the scene:

In 1832, there resided in the village of P., a very respectable farmer by the name of Hall, who had by his industry and economy accumulated a large portion of this world's goods, and in addition to this he had been blessed with a family of enterprising children, consisting of four sons and one beautiful daughter, on whom they doated and almost idolized, which completed the happy group. Years glided pleasantly away, unatteded by the ruthless hand of affliction, until Emma had bloomed into womanhood, a mild and lovely being. She was considered the belle of our village and was universally beloved for her amiable disposition.

Emma was now eighteen years of age, and was beloved by Egbert Cornwell, the son of a wealthy merchant, to whom her vows were plighted when but a child. Mr. Hall was much displeased with the choice of her affections, and resolved that he would use such means as he thought proper to prevent their union. Mr. Hall, as he returned from a walk one afternoon, entered the parlor, and finding Emma alone, he seated himself upon the sofa, and after some conversation concerning Egbert, he rose from his seat in an agitated manner and addressed her as follows:

"Emma, has Egbert been here this afternoon?"

"Yes, father, and has but just left," was the firm reply.

"Well, my child, let this be the last hour that you ever mingle in his society."

"Why, father," exclaimed the astounded girl, dropping the work which she held in her hand; "you are not in earnest?"

"Yes, my dear, and from this time I strictly forbid your corresponding with him in any way

or admitting him into your company at any time, or under any circumstances whatever."

So saying, he left the room.

Emma felt that this was more than her poor heart could bear. All her future prospects of happiness were in a moment cut off, and rising from her seat, she threw herself upon the sofa, giving full vent to her feelings. From this time she secluded herself from all society save that of her mother, in whose presence she ever strove to assume her usual cheerfulness, but in spite of her efforts, the quick discerning eye of her mother saw and felt that the wound which had been inflicted was fast hastening her child to an untimely grave. Emma spent many a long and sleepless night alone in her chamber, in deep meditation, now and then giving vent to a flood of tears, until three months had passed heavily away. One night, after the family had retired to rest, Mrs. Hall unbosomed her fears to her husband concerning the rapid change which time had wrought in Emma during the last three months.

"The change is very great indeed," mur-

mured he. "I think we had better spend a few weeks with her at the Springs. The journey may prove a benefit to her at least. You can mention the subject to her, and make such arrangements as you think proper for our departure on Tuesday next.

The next morning Mrs. Hall informed her daughter of their intended journey, and desired her to be in readiness to accompany them thither, and Emma, resting her eyes upon her moth- said, with a tremulous voice:

"I have no desire to visit the Springs, and I would rather remain at home."

"Why, my child," said her mother, "I think we could spend a few weeks at the Springs very pleasantly. Besides it is for your special benefit that your father proposed the journey."

"O mother!" said Emma, while a tear glistened in her eye, "there are no Springs that can remove the disease of my heart."

"O say not so my child," interrupted her mother. "Your disease will not prove fatal, I trust, and you may again be happy."

Emma could not conceal her emotion, and

arose to leave the room, but was prevented by her father, who at that moment opened the door, and placing his hand upon her shoulder he said, in an affectionate manner:

"What is the cause of your weeping, my child? Are you not as well as usual?"

"Yes, father," said Emma, gazing intently in her father's face. "But I have one request to make, before we visit the Springs."

"What is it?" asked her father anxiously.

"That I may converse with Egbert but for one hour."

"No, my child," said he, "it would only be inflicting a wound still deeper. I can never consent."

Emma replied not, and with a hurried step left the room, and glided noiselessly to her chamber where she seated herself by an open window, to weep over her hopeless condition. The next morning I was called to visit the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hall, who had fallen upon the floor in a sort of fainting fit, which was not followed by any extraordinary symptom, at the time. Owing to a preternatural excitability of

the nervous system, and perhaps the existence of disease which had not yet manifested itself, she had a very restless night. The want of sleep was followed by delirium, and in a short time very unfavorable symptoms were developed. As is not unfrequent when the system is laboring under diseased action, even before it is discoverable by the ordinary indications, the mind seems to participate in the lurking mischief and is conscious of what is about to take place. In this instance my patient requested that the family should be summoned to her bed-side, and gave me to understand that she thought she would not recover, before I was aware of approaching danger.

At the time I really had not been able to detect anything serious in the case, and believing all that she wanted was sleep, I advised her to postpone calling the family together until morning, with a view of preventing mental agitation, so that she might be benefited by the medicines given to promote rest. So strong, however, was the conviction, in her own mind, that she would not recover, that the family was summoned to

her bed-side, where she addressed them in an affectionate manner, in the presence of myself and others. Then, taking each by the hand, she imprinted a long and farewell kiss upon their cheek, warning them to flee from the wrath to come, to seek the Savior with all their hearts, that they might meet her in peace. Here she paused, interrupted by her parents' lamentations, which were painful beyond description. Emma raised her eyes to her parents and said:

"My dear parents, you must not murmur nor complain. It is the will of God that I should leave this world of affliction, and you must be reconciled. I have nothing to hope for, and death itself is a pleasure to me."

Those words were like daggers to Mr. Hall, and falling upon his knees he earnestly begged forgiveness of his daughter for his rashness, which he sensibly felt was the cause from whence her disease first originated. His pardon was freely granted by Emma, who pointed him to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of world, and earnestly besought him to seek his grace that they might yet be an unbroken fami-

ly in the world to come. Then putting her hands together, she said:

"At other times, the certainty of dying would fill my eyes with tears, but now I have not a tear to shed. The uncertainty of our future condition is very awful: no one returns from the grave to tell us what is to take place hereafter."

An expression of regret for misspent time with a promise of improvement in the future, closed her conversation with the family. A supplication to the Almighty occupied the remainder of a lucid interval.

Recovering from temporary exhaustion, she proceeded in a familiar manner, but with great earnestness:

"My dear brothers, to look back eighteen years, seems a very short time indeed, but eighteen years to come seems a little eternity! But it will come round, and you and all my acquaintances sooner or later will arrive at the same condition I am now in. And whatever may be the realities of the future, the Christian is al-always secure."

Words and declarations like these from a dy-

ing youth of eighteen years came like a thunderbolt to the heart. It was like the voice of the spirit of God upon the ear. To me it was a moment of profound thoughtfulness and solemnity. I noted down the substance of her prayer which followed these portentous expressions.

"And now, O God, we commend ourselves to thy care, relying on the mercies and promises of Jesus Christ, to deliver us from that state of suffering and torment, of which we have heard, and that flame of which we have read; and to thy care and protection we commend our spirit, through the merits of Jesus Christ our Savior. Amen."

She then bid us all a long and final adieu, and her spirit soared to the regions of bliss.

From the history of this case, we are admonished of the certainty of death to all living, in a manner calculated to arouse the feelings of our nature, and excite in us an inquiry as to our own condition. We are warned by it to prepare for the final issue of all created beings. Why be led away by ambition, by the love of fame, by the allurements of riches? Will wealth

purchase a long existence, will it smooth our passage to the grave, or make our repose sweet? These are considerations which become of vital importance to every man, and if I have by this narrative contributed in the smallest degree to start a serious thought, or agitate a pious inquiry, my object will be attained.

THE BERRY BOY.

In the Summer of 1838, Mr. Benton, on his way home from the Springs, where he had spent several weeks with his daughter, stopped at a hotel in a small village to rest awhile in the heat of the day. He had not been there long, when a lad about ten years of age came up with a basket of berries, whose countenance bespoke poverty and distress. Mr. Benton looked at him with an eye of compassion, and with a sort of interest, and thinking that he would lighten his load, he said:

"What will you take for your berries, my little fellow?"

"Four cents a quart," replied the boy, while his keen black eye sparkled with joy at the thought of finding a purchaser.

Mr. Benton had great curiosity to learn something of the young stranger's history,

and said inquiringly, "Do you go to school?"

"No Sir," said the boy. "I used to go before my mother died, but now it is all I can do to support my poor blind grandfather."

"Have you no father?"

"O no, he died some years before my mother," said the boy, while the tears ran down his cheeks.

"What do you do for a livelihood?" asked Mr. Benton, while his heart moved with sympathy for him.

"I saw wood, pick berries, go on errands, or anything else I can get to do."

"You are a fine fellow," said Mr. Benton, "but I will not take your berries, for you can sell them to some one else, and here is five dollars which will lighten your burden a little."

The boy looked at him with amazement, for he had never before in his possession that amount of money, and he hardly knew how to express his gratitude, but after thanking him over and over again, he went bounding away like a dancing feather.

Mr. Benton watched the movements of the

lad and soon saw him enter a small cottage where sat his grandfather, leaning upon his staff, and after carefully depositing his treasure in the hands of the old veteran, he immediately set out with his berries. Mr. Benton then resolved to befriend the poor orphan, and assist him in getting an education. In a few days after he reached home he put his resolution into practice, and immediately prepared a subscription paper for the benefit of the poor orphan boy. He signed ten dollars, and being a man who exerted great influence in society, in a few days he had enough signed to accomplish his design. Mr. Benton accordingly enclosed the money in a letter addressing it to Simon Powell, for this was the name of the orphan. I will not pretend to describe the joy which the reception of that letter occasioned the poverty stricken heart, although his affectionate grandfather had but a few days since been conveyed to the silent tomb. I will only say that the money was carefully managed and Simon obtained a liberal education. When he was about eighteen years of age, he let himself as a clerk to Mr. Saxe, a whole-

sale merchant. By his industry, honesty and uprightness, he gained the esteem of both Mr. and Mrs. Saxe, and having no children of their own, he soon became their adopted son, and was now known by the name of Simon P. Saxe. Three years passed pleasantly away, but ere the fourth autumn appeared, Mr. Saxe was numbered with the silent dead. His death was lamented by all, especially by the poorer class, for he was a very charitable man, and no beggar ever left his dwelling without finding some relief. All business was now left in the hands of Simon P. Saxe, who managed it with such care and prudence, as to add a handsome sum yearly to his now large estate.

One evening in September, as Simon was reading the advertisements which are always more or less in a paper, his eyes rested upon the well known name of Mr. Benton, stating that his whole establishment was to be sold at auction for debt on the seventh of October. Simon now felt that it was in his power to befriend him, and resolved that he would. At length the day appeared, and men of different classes were up-

on the ground viewing the premises with great interest. Among the rest was Simon P. Saxe. At one o'clock the sale commenced, and to the surprise of all, the whole establishment was struck off to Simon P. Saxe. He then entered the house with Mr. Benton to survey his property.

Mr. Benton invited him into the parlor, and introducing him to Mrs. and Miss Amelia Benton, said:

"This is the gentleman who now owns this establishment."

At this, Amelia burst into tears, for she could not conceal her emotion.

Simon was much affected by her grief, for he too had tasted the cup of bitter sorrow, and turning to Mr. Benton, he said:

"Sir, do you remember the poor orphan boy whom you befriended some fourteen years ago"

Mr. Benton hesitated a few moments, and then said, "yes, but I should never have thought of it again."

"Well, I am that person; it was by your assistance that I obtained an education. I then resolved, by the grace of God, that I would re-

pay you for that act of kindness, and as Providence would have it, I am now enabled to befriend you. I well knew your misfortunes. You will not be under the necessity of moving a single article, for I have purchased this stand for the purpose of giving you ample time to redeem it."

Mr. Benton and family were overcome with joy, and could not express their gratitude, and all wept convulsively. Simon could but weep with the overjoyed family.

As soon as he could collect himself, he sat down and related his history from the time that Mr. Benton met him as a berry boy at the hotel, until the present. After much persuation, he spent the night with them very pleasantly. From that time he paid his addresses to Miss Amelia Benton, who in less than a year was made the happy bride of Simon P. Saxe. He then removed her to his place of residence, where they passed many years in happiness with the bereft widow.

THE LOVER'S SOLILOQUY.

Her form was like the aspen leaf
That flutters in the wind,
Her presence turned away the grief
That preyed upon my mind.

Children of happiness were we,
Joy from our eyes did gleam,
But happiness is not for me,
Alas! 'twas but a dream.

Her hair in silken ringlets twined
Around a brow of pearl;
Her manners gentle and refined—
A pleasant happy girl.

We played, we roamed together—
So happy did we seem;
Oh! shall it be forever?
Ah, no! 'tis but a dream.

Fair Luna's rays were peeping
Through my window shutter,
Ah! I have been a sleeping,
My heart is in a flutter.

The dream of life is fleeting,
And all will soon be o'er;
But while our hearts are beating,
We ask for nothing more.

THE BROKEN-HEARTED GIRL.

THE sun had shed its last rays over the earth, when Edward pressed his lips to the forehead of the beautiful and gentle-hearted girl for the last time.

"My dear Emily, you will think of me when far away," said he, holding her trembling hand in his, "but then three years will soon pass: and then dear Emily we will meet beneath this shade where we have spent many happy hours in our childhood, and again renew our vows for life."

"Yes, Edward," said Emily, "but something whispers in my ear, that your vows will soon be forgotten, and another save me shall be called your bride."

"O, fie! Emily, away with such maiden fears. Ere I prove untrue to you, the sun shall cease to rise and set. But the boat is in view and I must away."

He again pressed her to his bosom, they exchanged a kiss, and parted as all lovers part. Emily stood in breathless silence as she watched her lover until his form was lost in the distance. She returned home and sought her chamber, where she spent the night in bitter tears giving way to fear and doubt.

A year had passed, and Emily had received three letters—the first a long and affectionate one sealed with a kiss; the second a cold and ceremonial one; and the third blighted poor Emily's hopes forever. Her fears were now realized. His vows were forgotten and again plighted to another. Poor Emily's heart was chilled by the piercing blast; the rose gradually faded from her cheek; and ere the chilling winds of autumn had unrobed the trees of their green foliage, she had fallen a prey to disease. Slowly and painfully the knowledge of her lover's infidelity came over the sensitive heart.

She sought for a time to shut out the horrible suspicion from her mind, she half doubted the evidence of her own senses; she could not believe that he was a traitor, for her memory had treasured every token of his affection, every impassioned word, and every endearing smile of his tenderness. But the truth came at last; the doubtful spectre which had long haunted her, and from which she had turned away, as if it were sin to look upon it, now stood before her, a dreadful and unspeakable reality. There was one burst of passionate tears, the overflow of that fountain of affliction which quenches the last ray of hope.

As I approached the quiet and secluded dwelling of the once happy Emily, I found the door of the little parlor thrown open, and a female voice, of a sweetness that could hardly be said to belong to earth, stole out upon the soft summer air. It was like the breathings of an Æolian lute to the gentlest visitation of the zephyr. Involuntarily I paused to listen, and these words —I shall never forget them—came upon my

ear like the low and melancholy music which we sometimes hear in dreams:

> Oh — no — I do not fear to die,
> For Hope and Truth are bold,
> And Life is but a weariness,
> And Earth is strangely cold —
> In view of Death's pale solitude,
> My Spirit hath not mourned —
> 'Tis kinder than forgotten Love,
> Or Friendship unreturned! &c.

It was the voice of Emily — it was her last song. She was leaning on the sofa as I entered the apartment — her thin white hand rested on her forehead. She rose and welcomed me with a melancholy smile. It played over her features for a moment, flushing her cheek with a slight and sudden glow, and then passed away, leaving in its stead the wanness and mournful beauty of the dying.

It has been said that death is always terrible to look upon. But to the stricken Emily, the presence of the destroyer was like the ministration of an angel of light and holiness. She was passing off to the land of spirits like the melting of a sunset cloud into the blue of Heaven — stealing from existence like the strain of ocean

music, when it dies away slowly and sweetly upon the moonlight waters.

A few days after I stood by the grave of Emily. The villagers had gathered together, one and all, to pay the tribute of respect and affection to the lovely sleeper. They mourned her loss with a sincere and deep emotion—they marvelled that one so beloved should yield herself up to melancholy, and perish in the spring-time of her existence. But they knew not the hidden arrow that rankled in her bosom—the slow and secret withering of her heart. She had borne the calamity with silence—in the uncomplaining quietude of one, who felt that there are woes which may not ask for sympathy—afflictions which, like the canker concealed in the heart of some fair blossoms, are discovered only by the untimely decay of their victim.

I have been this evening to the grave of Emily. And when I kneel above the narrow mansion of one whom I have known and loved in life, I feel a strange assurance that the spirit of the sleeper is near me, a viewless and ministering angel. It is a beautiful philosophy which

has found its way, unsought for and misteriously, into the silence of my heart; and if it be only a dream, the unreal imagery of fancy, I pray God that I may never wake from the beautiful delusion.

THE EARLY GRAVES.

Mr. Ashland, who resided in the town of P——, was by no means wealthy, but was considered a comfortable liver. He had a daughter, an only child, who was a great favorite with her associates, and was considered by all the belle of the village of P——. No ride, visit or dance could pass pleasantly, unless the gentle-hearted Elta Ashland formed one of the guests. She had, by her mild and amiable disposition, won the heart of James Wilson, a school-mate of hers who had ever cherished the warmest affection for her.

Mr. Wilson was a proud, aristocratic man, and was by no means pleased with the growing affection in the hearts of the young people.

One beautiful morning in the month of Au-

gust, Mr. Wilson resolved that he would seek an interview with James, and ascertain, if possible, how matters stood between him and Ella Ashland.

As soon as breakfast was over, he accordingly turned to James and said, "My son, I would like to talk with you awhile."

Leading the way to his room, James reluctantly followed, well knowing from what cause this interview proceeded. On reaching his room, they seated themselves upon a sofa beside the window, while the cool, fresh breeze gently played through the rustling vines which twined about the window.

"James," said Mr. Wilson, "I have taken this opportunity to converse with you upon the subject of matrimony, and learn if possible what peculiarities there are about Miss Ashland that you should pay your addresses entirely to her."

"Well, father, since you have expressed a desire to know, I will tell you. Ella is very industrious, possessing a generous heart, a noble mind and a lovely disposition, which has won my affections."

"Won your affections!" interrupted his father, "then you really intend to marry a farmer's daughter, do you?"

"I do," said James emphatically.

"Well, James, as you regard the wishes of your parents, I wish you would forsake the society of Ella Ashland, and pay your addresses to Miss Imogene Cornwall, who belongs to an aristocratic family. Besides, she will have a fortune with her."

"Well, father, I do not think that happiness consists in aristocracy; for my part I had rather have a fortune in a heart than with one."

"Well, James," said Mr. Wilson, rising from his seat, while his cheeks flushed with anger, "if you persist in marrying Ella Ashland, you must not expect to find a home with me, I will entirely disown you."

James seemed somewhat puzzled at this denunciation, not knowing how Mr. Ashland might feel upon the subject, but resolved that he would know the worst, and immediately set out for his dwelling. On reaching his house he found Mr. Ashland in the garden, who met him as he

approached, with a cheerful smile, and invited him to take a seat in the arbor. James accordingly sat down, and mustering all his courage, commenced the subject, telling him of the conversation which had passed between him and his father, respecting his marriage. Mr. Ashland remained silent a few moments, then rising from his seat, he said:

"Well, James, if this is your choice, you may have a home here, although I am not wealthy like your father, but I have enough to make us all comfortable."

This was more than James had anticipated, and after expressing his gratitude to Mr. Ashland for his kindness, they both entered the house.

The day for their nuptials was appointed, and every preparation was made for the occasion which would add to the happiness of the fair couple. Time swiftly glided and the appointed day arrived, and found the intended bride on her death-bed.

It was a beautiful morning in September. About nine o'clock she revived, and calling her

friends around her bed, she addressed them as follows:

"My dear friends, I am about to leave you, and that in a short time. I have only to regret that I have not set a better example before my friends and associates, but I wish to be forgiven by them all, even as God has for Christ's sake forgiven me. And now let me entreat you to prepare to meet your God in peace. Life is uncertain; but one week ago I was in the bloom of health, and now my soul will be in the spirit land ere the sun shall set."

Then taking her lover by the hand, she placed in it a lock which had been severed from her glossy hair, with a Bible, and said,

"O James, may this be a star of light which will guide you to the fold of Christ."

She then bid them all farewell, until they should meet at the judgment seat of Christ, and in a few moments her spirit was wafted on angels' wings to the realms of eternal bliss.

Poor James was not prepared for this heavy and unexpected blow, he had hoped for pleasure; but alas how soon were his hopes blighted.

In one short day—ah! who can tell? James now felt that he had no friend to whom he could unbosom his sorrow, but unto Him who heareth in secret, and from that hour he sought an interest in Christ.

In a few days after her death, he resolved that he would fit himself for a missionary, and in a short time he left for college. But it seems that this was not the office which he was designed to fill, for he had scarcely been there one month when he was taken with a disease of the heart, which carried him down to the grave.—He was then removed to his home, where he lived but two weeks after his return.

During his illness he talked much about Ella Ashland, and often requested them to read to him in the Bible she gave him.

One pleasant evening in November, the family of Mr. Wilson was alarmed by the cry—"James is dying." They thronged around his bed and wept. James seemed unconscious of what was passing for some time, then opening his glassy eyes, and looking around him, he said,

"Do not weep for me, but prepare to meet me in Heaven."

He then gave his favorite Bible to his sister, saying,

"Put your trust in God, and be guided by the precepts which are contained in this precious book."

He then imprinted a kiss upon each cheek, and still holding his father by the hand, he said,

"Father, I have one request to ask of you, that I may be laid by the side of Ella Ashland, and that my monument may be precisely like hers. Also, I wish you to place at the head of our graves, a weeping willow. Then turning to his afflicted mother, he said, with a smile,

"O mother, I am going home," and closed his eyes in death.

Mr. Wilson felt that this was the most trying scene he had ever been called to pass through.

The funeral sermon of James Wilson and Ella Ashland, were both preached by G. G. White. There was not one dry eye among the whole congregation, which consisted of over four hundred.

As we have said before, they were both great favorites among their associates, and every heart was bereft at their loss, and could sympathise with the afflicted families.

James was laid, according to his request, by the side of his intended, and the monuments of the two lovers are placed upon the graves, with a weeping willow at the head.

Now they are united
On Canaan's bright shore,
Rejoicing with Saints
Who have passed on before.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS.

ABOUT fifty years ago, a post chaise was a sight more novel in the little hamlet of Dresden, than silk gowns in country churches during the maidenhood of our great-grandmothers; and as one drew up at the only public house in the village, the inhabitants, old and young, startled by the unusual and merry sound of its wheels, hurried to the street. The landlady, on the first notice of its approach, had hastily bestowed upon her goodly person the additional recommendation of a clean cap and apron; and, still tying the apron strings, ran bustling to the door, smiling, coloring and courtesying and coloring again, to the yet unopened chaise. Poor soul! she knew not well how to behave—it was an epoch in her annals of inn-keeping.

At length, the coachman, opening the door, handed out a lady in widow's weeds; a beautiful

golden-haired child, apparently not exceeding three years of age, was assisted to the ground and grasped her extended hand. "What an image o' beauty!" exclaimed some half dozen of bystanders, as the fair child lifted her lovely face of smiles to the eyes of her mother. The lady stepped feebly towards the inn, and though the landlady's heart continued to practice a sort of fluttering motion, which communicated a portion of its agitation to her hands, she waited upon her unexpected and unusual guests with a kindliness and humility that fully recompensed for the expertness of a practical waiter.

About half an hour after the arrival of her visitors, she was seen bustling from the door, her face, as the vilagers said, bursting with importance. They were still standing in groups about their doors, and in the middle of the little street, discussing the mysterious arrival; and as she hastened on her mission, she was assailed with a dozen such questions as these—"Who is that air body?" "Who brought her here?" "What's she arter?" But to those and sundry other interrogatories, the important hostess gave for an-

swer: "I have no time to tell you." She stopped at a small, but certainly genteel house in the village, occupied by a Mrs. Dustan, who was a very nice respectable lady, and the widow of a Methodist minister. In the summer season, Mrs. Dustan let out her little parlor to lodgers, who visited the village to seek health, or a few weeks' retirement. She was compell- to do this from the narrowness of her circumstances.

In a few minutes, Mrs. Dustan, in a clean cap, a muslin handkerchief round her neck, a quilted black bombazine, gown, and snow white apron, followed the landlady to the inn. In a short time she returned, the stranger lady leaning upon her arm, and the lovely child leaping like a young lamb before them.

Days and weeks passed away, and the good people of Dresden, notwithstanding all their surmises and inquiries, were no wiser regarding their new visitor; all they could learn was, that she was the widow of a young general, who was one of the first that fell when Britain interfered with the French Revolution; and

the mother and her child became known in the village by the designation of "Mrs. Dustan's two pictures"—an appellation bestowed on them in reference to their beauty.

The beautiful destroyer, however lay in the mother's heart, now paling her cheeks like the early lilly, and again scattering over them the rose and the rainbow. Still dreaming of re-recovery, about six months after her arrival in Dresden, death stole over her like a sweet sleep. It was only a few moments before the angel hurled the fatal shaft, that the truth fell upon her soul. She was stretching forth her hand to her work-basket, her lovely child was prattling by her knee, and Mrs. Dustan smiling like a parent upon both, striving to conceal a tear while she smiled, when the breathing of her fair guest became difficult, and the rose which a moment before bloomed upon her countenance, vanished in a fitful streak. She flung her feeble arms around the neck of her child, who now wept upon her bosom, and exclaimed, "Oh! my Parthena, who will protect you now—my poor, poor orphan?"

Mrs. Dustan sprang to her assistance. She said she had much to tell, and endeavored to speak; but a gurgling sound only was heard in her throat; she panted for breath; the rosy streaks, deepening into blue, came and went upon her cheeks, like the midnight dances of the northern lights; her eyes flashed with a momentary brightness more than mortal, and the spirit fled. The fair orphan still clung to the neck, and kissed the yet warm lips of her dead mother.

As yet she was too young to see all the dreariness of the desolation around her; but she was indeed an orphan in the most cruel meaning of the word. Her mother had preserved a mystery over her sorrows and the circumstances of her life, which Mrs. Dustan had never endeavored to penetrate. And now she was left to be as a mother to the helpless child, for she knew not if she had another friend; and all she had heard of the mother's history was recorded on the humble stone which she placed over her grave — "Here resteth the lifeless form of Angeline Baker, widow of General Baker: she died amongst us a stranger, but beloved."

The whole property to which the fair orphan became heir by the death of her mother did not amount to fifty pounds, and amongst the property no document was found which could throw any light upon who were her relatives, or if she had any. But the heart of Mrs. Dustan had already adopter her as a daughter; and circumscribed as her circumstances were, she trusted that He who provided food for the very birds of heaven would provide the orphan's morsel.

Years rolled on, and Parthena Baker grew in stature and in beauty, the pride of her protector, and the joy of her age. But the infirmities of years grew upon her foster mother, and disabling her from following her habits of industry, stern want entered her happy cottage. Still Parthena appeared only as a thing of joy, contentment and gatitude; and often did her evening song beguile her aged friend's sigh into a smile. And to better their hard lot, she hired herself to watch a few sheep upon the neighboring hills, to the steward of a gentleman named Comstock, who, about the time of her mother's death, had purchased the estate of Dresden. He was but

little beloved, for he was a hard master and a bad husband; and more than once he had been seen at the hour of midnight, in the silent churchyard, standing over the grave of Mrs. Baker. This gave rise to not a few whisperings respecting the birth of poor Parthena.—He had no children, and a nephew who resided in his house was understood to be his heir.

Arnold Comstock was about two years older than our fair orphan, and ever as he could escape the eye of his uncle he would fly to the village, and seek out Parthena as a playmate. And now, while she tended the few sheep, he would steal round the hills, and placing himself by her side, teach her the lesson he had that day been taught, while his arm in innocence rested on her neck, their glowing cheeks touch each other, and her golden curls played around them. Often were their peaceful lessons broken by the harsh voice and blows of his uncle. But still Arnold stole to the presence of his playmate and pupil, until he had completed his sixteenth year; when he was to leave Dresden preparatory to entering the army. He was per-

mitted to take a hasty farewell of the villagers, for they all loved the boy; but he went only to the cottage of Mrs. Dustan. As he entered Parthena wept and he also burst into tears.—Their aged friend beheld the yearnings of a young passion that might terminate in sorrow; and taking his hand she prayed God to prosper him and bade him farewell. She was leading him to the door, when Parthena raised her tearful eyes; he beheld them and read their meaning, and, leaping forward, threw his arms round her neck and printed the farewell kiss on her forehead!

"Do not forget me, Parthena," he cried, and hurried from the house.

Five years from this period passed away. The lovely girl was now transformed into the elegant woman, in the summer majesty of her beauty. For two years Parthena had kept a school in the village, to which her gentleness and winning manners drew prosperity; and her gray-haired benefactress enjoyed the reward of her benevolence.

Preparations were making at Dresden Hall

for the reception of Arnold, who was now returning as Major Comstock. A post-chaise in the village had then become a sight less rare; but several cottagers were assembled before the inn to welcome the young lord. He arrived, and with him a gentleman between fifty and sixty years of age. They had merely become acquainted as traveling companions; and the stranger being on his way northward had accepted his invitation to rest at his uncle's for a few days. The foothpath to the Hall lay through the churchyard, about a quarter of a mile from the village. It was a secluded path, and Parthena was wont to retire to it between school hours, and frequently to spend a few moments in silent meditation over her mother's grave. She was gazing upon it, when a voice arrested her attention, saying, "Parthena—Miss Baker!"

The speaker was Major Comstock, accompanied by his friend. To the meeting of the young lovers we shall add nothing. But the elder stranger gazed on her face and trembled, and looked on her mother's grave and wept. "Baker!" he repeated, and read the inscription on

the humble stone, and again gazed on her face, and again wept.

"Lady!" he exclaimed, "pardon me — what was the name of your mother? — who the family of your father? Answer me, I implore you!"

"Alas! I know neither," said the astonished and now unhappy Parthena.

"My name is Baker," cried the stranger; "I had a wife — I had a daughter once, and my Angeline's face was thy face!"

While he yet spoke, the elder Comstock drew near to meet his nephew. His eyes and the stranger's met."

"Comstock!" exclaimed the stranger, starting.

"The same," replied the other, his brow blackening like thunder, while a trembling passed over his body. He rudely grasped the arm of his nephew and hurried him away.

The interesting stranger accompanied Parthena to the house of Mrs. Dustan. Painful were the enquiries; for while they kindled hope and assurance, they left all in uncertainty.

"Oh, Sir!" said Mrs. Dustan, "if you are

the father of my blessed child, I do not wonder at old Comstock's coloring when he saw you, for, when poverty compelled Parthena to watch his sheep by the hill side, and the dear child would be reading in her Bible like a little angel, and the sheep were feeding near her, that hard-hearted wretch would creep softly to her side, and grasping the precious book would hurl it from him uttering oaths too terrible to mention. But the nephew was a fine young man and often sought the society of my child."

Eagerly did the stranger, who gave his name as Gen. Baker, watch the fair being who had conjured up the sunshine of his youth. One by one, he was weeping and tracing every remembered feature of his wife upon her face; when doubt again entered his mind, and he exclaimed in bitterness—"Merciful heaven! convince me! Oh, convince me that I have found my child!" The few articles that had belonged to Mrs. Baker had been parted with in the depth of her poverty.

At that moment Major Comstock hastily entered the cottage. He stated that his uncle

had left the hall, and delivered a letter from him to Gen. Baker. It was of few words and as follows:

MR. BAKER—*Sir:* We were rivals for Angeline's love—you were made happy and I miserable. But I have not been unrevenged. It was I who betrayed you into the hands of the enemy. It was I who reported you dead—who caused the tidings to be hastened to your widowed wife. It was I who poisoned the ear of her friends, until they cast her off—I dogged her to her obscurity, that I might enjoy my triumph; but death thwarted me as you had done. Yet I will do one act of mercy—she sleeps beneath the grave where we met yesterday; and the lady before whom you wept—is your own daughter.

He threw down the letter, and exclaimed—"My child! my long lost child!" And in speechless joy, the father and the daughter rushed to each other's arms.

Shall we add more? The elder Comstock left his native land, which he never again disgraced with his presence. Arnold and Parthena wandered by the hill-side in bliss, catching love and recollections from the scene. In a few

months her father bestowed on him her hand, and Mrs. Dustan, in joy and pride, bestowed upon both her blessings.

THE GREAT LEVEE;

OR, THE UNEXPECTED WEDDING.

CHAPTER I.

In a neat, but unpretending parlor of a small house in one or our villages, was assembled a happy family, consisting of father, mother, a lovely daughter of thirteen, and two boys younger than the girl around whom they clustered, as she knit the last stitch in the two pairs of mittens, which they were to wear for the first time, on the morrow.

"Well, wife," observed the husband gaily, "I have this day made up the seven hundred dollars, to purchase our wild farm in the West. But, indeed, although we have earnestly looked forward to this day, I must confess, that I feel

my heart shrinking from the many hardships which we must endure."

"Never heed them for a moment," replied the cheerful wife, "we are well, and full of hope and resolution. We will not shrink from the few years of toil and hardship which will secure ease and plenty to ourselves and children, the remainder of our lives."

"But, Hannah," resumed the husband, "I fear that our boys will have no opportunities of acquiring education, for the lack of which, neither lands nor money can be sufficient compensation."

"There, you are borrowing trouble again, James; Jane is capable of instructing her brothers in all useful learning, until they are old enough to go from home, to some good institution."

"Our Jane is indeed a treasure"—and the father's face glowed with pride as he spoke—"and it does seem that knowledge is hers by intuition. To think of all the branches that she has mastered; and the French and Greek language, too; and then her drawings are so beau-

tiful. O! she will be a treasure to us and a wonder in the new settlement, and who knows but that she may become the wife of some great statesman yet?"

At this suggestion, even the hopeful mother looked thoughtful, and sighed as she gazed upon her fair daughter. But it was arranged that they should take up their line of march early in the spring, for that land of promise, the far West.

Having suffered them to remain about two years in their new location, we will just look in upon them as we pass through the fertile wastes in the vicinity of the now flourishing town of Newport. Remember, reader, we are reviewing the scenes of the past eight years. Well, here is a little log cabin in the centre of a small stubble field, which has apparently yielded a fine crop of wheat, though it now has its peculiar look of desolation. This is the home of our friend James Gilbert. We will look in upon him. There seems but little comfort in this small dwelling, with but two rooms on the ground, and a garret-like chamber; with fur-

niture such as the new settlers substitute for the costly elegance which they could not transport, and which would be sadly out of place in log cabins.

We arrived at a very sad crisis. Mr. Gilbert lay on his humble bed very sick with a fever. Poor Hannah looked weary and care-worn. She was attending to her affectionate husband and cooking dinner. The youngest of the boys they brought with them was sitting listlessly by the fire, pale and emaciated by the fever, from which he was just recovering. Indeed, it would seem that they had already paid a high price for years of independence and honor, if such are really in store for them. The sick man's eyes wandered from the patient wife to the suffering child, and the tears stole down his burning cheeks. An elegant carriage stopped in front of the cottage door, and a lady alighted, in the most showy and expensive dress possible. Mrs. Gilbert meantime prepared to welcome the stranger, who entered with an air of proud condescension, and announced herself as the daughter of Gen. Mayfield.

"I was informed that you have a daughter," said the fine lady, addressing Mrs. Gilbert.

"I have," was Mrs. G.'s reply.

"Is she at home now?" inquired the lady.

"She will be in presently," said Mrs. G.; "would you like to see her?"

"Yes," replied Miss Mayfield. "I would like to see her before I make my proposals.—We have found it very difficult to get a good girl. I presume we have had some dozen or fifteen in the past year and were glad to get rid of every one of them. Some were so ignorant, and some so lazy; others careless; but the worst fault of this class of girls is, they are so impudent and assuming. They will behave just as if they thought themselves quite as good as their employers, and if we do not treat them with the utmost courtesy, they will leave us, no matter in how much of a difficulty. The girl who left us this morning was highly recommended to me, but she would not stay, unless she could sit with us at table, though she said she did not expect to sit down when we had company, but she would not eat in the kitchen with

the colored servants. But then she is a daughter of a once wealthy gentleman in Boston, and has an elegant education, and is so very fond of reading. Now, servants ought not to read at all. The less book learning they have, the better drudges they are. Educated girls have such lofty notions of themselves, and some of them really pretend to romance. Indeed, it is enough to disgust one. But I am informed that your husband was only a poor mechanic before he came here, and so I hope that your daughter has no important airs and delicate acomplishments."

This oration was so volubly delivered, that Mrs. Gilbert could not interpose a word; and just at this moment, Jane and her eldest brother entered the house, carrying between them a basket of vegetables, which they had been gathering in the field. Jane had on a pretty red sun bonnet and dark gingham dress, and her sweet, intellectual face was glowing with her over exertion, and she appeared truly beautiful. Miss M. surveyed her with a disdainful air, as Mrs. G. presented her daughter.

"I am afraid she will make but an indifferent kitchen maid," observed Miss M. "However, as we are entirely destitute of help, I will give her a trial; but cannot promise to give her great wages at first. We will give her four shillings the first week, and then, if she suits us, we will increase her wages."

"Indeed, Miss M." began Miss Gilbert.

"Oh, I assure you," interrupted the lady, "I cannot offer her a cent more. She is so very small and delicate looking."

"Miss!" exclaimed Mr. Gilbert, raising himself in bed, "if you will permit me to speak, I will settle this affair at once. My daughter is not obliged to work out for a livelihood, and if she was, I will take the liberty to say, that she should never work in your kitchen. People of your way of thinking should look out for colored servants."

"Indeed!" retorted the lady, rising from her seat with an air of contempt. "Your daughter may yet be glad to work in our kitchen." And the lady departed with great indignation.

"Who ever saw such important creatures?

and in such low circumstances, too," ejaculated Miss Mayfield, as the driver turned homeward. "I hope that girl will be obliged to beg for a living, since she is too good to work,—which she undoubtedly will before another year rolls round. I think ladies will be compelled to do their own work soon, poor people are becoming so insolent and exacting."

But was Jane Gilbert compelled to beg before another year? We think not, for six months from that time found the family all well and full of hope.

CHAPTER II.

"DEAR me," drawled Miss Sophia, as she floated affectedly into Mrs. Mayfield's dashy parlor, "would you believe it? Jane Gilbert is now a teacher in the Academy, of music and drawing, and they say her drawings are beautiful."

At that moment the door bell rang, and a servant announced that Mr. Warner and his sister

wished to see Miss Mayfield at the door. A moment, and Sophia stood before her welcome guests, and after the usual compliments, the gentleman very politely invited her to call with them on Miss Gilbert, saying, "I am informed that she is very beautiful, and plays the piano elegantly." Sophia's eyes flashed with indignation, and her lip curled with scorn as these words fell from her lover's lips.

"You are really in love before seeing her," ejaculated the jealous-hearted girl.

"O, no!" said her lover, laughing; "but I should like to hear her play."

"Yes," rejoined Miss Warner, "you know Hubert is very fond of music, and they say she has a melodious voice. But come, let us away and judge for ourselves."

Miss Mayfield reluctantly consented and they soon were on their way. Not a word escaped the lips of Sophia during their walk, but she listened with disgust to the conversation which passed between Mr. Warner and his sister until they had reached the place of their destination. A rap was heard at the door. A servant ap-

peared and very politely ushered them into a neat little parlor, where sat Miss Gilbert at the piano and Mr. Le Roy at her side. Miss Gilbert rose somewhat embarrassed at the unexpected arrival, but, with an air of gentility and refinement, received the aristocratic guests. After some conversation—"Miss Gilbert," said Mr. Warner, "we would be highly delighted to hear a tune on the piano." She politely declined, but the invitation being repeated, she assented, and a triumphant smile passed over the features of the preceptor as she advanced to take her seat. Mr. Warner and his sister listened with great satisfaction to her bird-like voice, while Miss Mayfield's heart burned with envy and hatred, as she watched the graceful movements of the admirable Miss Gilbert.

Time flew rapidly, and when an hour had passed, it seemed but a moment with Hubert.

"That is indeed beautiful," said Miss Warner as the music ceased.

It was now nine o'clock, and the guests took their departure, leaving Mr. Le Roy and Miss Gilbert to themselves.

CHAPTER III.

"Miss Gilbert is indeed beautiful and plays the piano forte elegantly, and her drawings are said to be the nicest in these parts yet! She is only the daughter of a mechanic, and it must be that Mr. Le Roy has uncommon regard for her, or he would not honor her with a levee;" said Miss Mayfield, addressing her mother, as she seated herself by a half-open window one beautiful May morning.

"Is it possible that the levee is to be for the benefit of that little upstart?" said Mrs. Mayfield with an air of disdain. "I presume the foolish girl will expend the last cent to decorate her person with finery in hopes she may make a favorable impression on the heart of Mr. Le Roy."

"Yes! I dare say the little Miss indulges a hope that she may yet become his bride! but he is too proud-spirited to pay his addresses to a poor girl like Miss Gilbert, I assure you!" said Miss Mayfield haughtily.

At that moment the door opened, and an aristocratic lady was ushered into the room, who prided herself on having the most refined and sentimental daughter in the village; for Mrs. Elford had often prefaced her demands for money with the information that Augusta's taste was so refined, and her mind so exceedingly sensitive, that she positively could not bear contradiction.

"Good morning Mrs. Elford," said Miss Mayfield, rising from her seat, "has Augusta succeeded in obtaining the white satin dress pattern?"

"No!" said the lady, while a shade of disappointment passed over her features: "the last pattern had just been purchased by Mr. Warner, as I entered the shop."

"Indeed!" said the disappointed girls, "I had congratulated myself on having our dresses precisely alike."

"You can both dress in peach-blow satins," said Mrs. Mayfield, gazing intently on her daughter.

"Yes, but I left my pattern at the dress-

maker's yesterday; besides, white would be much nicer to wear on such an occasion."

"Well," replied the lady, rising from her seat, "Mr. Elford is going to the city to-morrow, and perhaps he can obtain the pattern desired."

So saying, she took her leave and hastily returned home.

The next morning Mr. Elford set out with a light heart for the city, to gratify the wishes of his only child, resolved to purchase the pattern so much desired, even should he be obliged to pay double the value. Time passed heavily away, and the minutes were almost numbered by Augusta, who waited anxiously between hope and fear for the return of her father. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, when Mr. Elford entered his house, holding in his hand the article which had caused so much anxiety in the bosom of his idolized daughter, who received it with a smile of satisfaction and triumph.

"You were very fortunate," said Augusta, throwing on her hat and shawl, and immediately set out for the dressmaker's.

CHAPTER IV.

"My dear Armenia," said Mr. Hasson, "I have brought you the pattern you wished, but I know not how I shall pay for it."

"Father, father," said the astonished girl, "what does this all mean? I would never have asked the dress, if I had thought you could not afford it. Indeed, I cannot wear it now, I am sure I should feel very unhappy. Do dear father take it back."

"Oh, no, Armenia, it will perhaps look rather odd if I cannot afford you a new dress to wear on such an occasion. Besides, you told me you thought you had none that would be proper to wear."

"I did," said Armenia, blushing deeply, "but I now remember that aunt Amelia told me so, and said Miss Warner and Miss Mayfield were to have white satin dresses richly trimmed with heavy pointed lace, and were to have pearls in their hair. I did not think of asking so much,

but aunt said she thought I ought not to be outshone by every one, so I made my request for the dress, which I now feel was dictated by vanity, perhaps tinctured with envy."

"You certainly deserve the pattern, Armenia, for this ingenious confession, and I shall insist on your keeping it."

"Do not think of it, papa, indeed I cannot wear it." And the utterance of the gentle girl was choked by tears.

"I was desponding when I said that, but times may improve. Heaven will bless my endeavors for the happiness of so good a child. Now dry your tears, dear, and I will send Aunt Amelia to you before night, and you will be all ready for the levee in good time."

"Nay, but father, that is not necessary for my happiness, and I feel that my heart must be sadly out of tune if its serenity could be disturbed by the lack of a little splendor."

"Well, keep it, dear, at any rate, I feel a sort of affection for this dress, since it has shown me the character of my child in so lovely a light."

Mr. Hasson was an industrious merchant whose wife had been dead some three years, and the expense of rearing small children was of course greatly enhanced, yet he had sustained good credit, and had kept up an equal appearance with the world. But the expense of his family increased while his health failed by constant labor, and he saw the shadow gathering over his path, now no longer lightened by one who had been as the polar star to the wanderer on the pathless deep. Yet it was very bitter to think of adding to the weight of care that already rested on the heart of his beloved child; for since the death of her mother, she had supplied her place in so kind a manner, that they scarcely knew the loss of their maternal guardian. She was nearly eighteen, and it was for the great levee that she had asked the dress.

CHAPTER V.

The anticipated hour at length arrived. We will not stay to describe the decorations or the illuminations of Mr. Le Roy's mansion. We will only say that it was as light as the hearts of the gay throng, who had assembled to tender their homage to Miss Gilbert this evening as Queen of the levee. Mr. Le Roy had corresponded with Miss Gilbert for nearly a year, without giving rise to the least suspicion of their intended marriage. The guests were now seated; and Mr. Le Roy, with his lady splendidly attired, in white satin, her fine auburn tresses beautifully contrasting with the costly gems that sparkled amid their dark glossy luxuriance, entered the hall; and a plain but noble looking gentleman approached the fair couple, and very politely requested the assembly to rise; and to the astonishment of the happy guests eloquently performed the marriage ceremony. Each face beamed with joy as they saluted the fair

couple; the evening passed in mirth and hilarity; and a suitable hour saw all parties quietly seeking that repose, which is very necessary after attending such an unexpected wedding.

Mr. Le Roy spent his life in happiness with his lovely bride; though somewhat envied by the Mayfield family. The Gilbert family grew up, respected by all who knew them, acquired liberal educations, and became useful men; and made their home a little paradise.

THE FORTUNATE BACHELOR.

THE light of day had faded from the highest snow-clad peak of the Alleghanies. In a small cottage, immediately upon the bank of the river, some few miles above its junction with the Great Kanawha, blazed a bright fire, by which was seated a gentleman apparently about forty-five years of age, engaged in earnest conversation with a young lady who had scarcely seen nineteen summers. The bloom of health was upon her cheek and her soft blue eyes rested intently upon the speaker at her side.

"Well, Annah, suppose I ask your father's consent. His refusal cannot make things much worse than they are at present. Suspense, Annah, suspense is the cause of the most miserable of feelings. The captive criminal, who is in doubt—even in reference to his punishment—

must certainly be the most wretched of mortals. I—I would prefer the gullotine, yes, the gullotine."

"Why, Mr. Laurett," said the fair girl gently placing her hand upon his shoulder, "am I to be your executioner?"

"No, you are not; but I am afraid your father will be the executioner of us both, and that, too, out of pure affection for his fair daughter, as he was pleased to call you the other day."

"You think he loves me, then, do you?"

"Oh, yes, dear Annah, I believe he loves you —I never doubted it; and I have reason to suppose that he has more good will for me, than for many whom he calls his friends; but, Annah, I am poor, and he has more than once hinted, that young ladies who have been reared in affluence, can never be happy in marriage unless they are united to men of wealth. O, if he knew how matters stand between us, how he would frown at the idea. I want the effervescence of his wrath to be over, and I will inform him."

"We must not be too hasty, Mr. Laurett," said the trembling girl; "our situation requires

caution. By a little management we may possibly succeed, gloomy as the prospect appears to be. Now do not say anything to papa about it yet—I had much rather you would not. The best possible way to accomplish our wishes is not to advance too soon."

"Too soon—too soon, Annah? Have we not waited a year and more? and have you not been pleading the same to me—too soon all the while? Too soon, indeed!"

"Well now, dont be angry; throw that frown from your countenance, and look pleasant; and we will immediately decide on some plan, by which we may effect the object you so much desire; come, smile away your anger,—the skies of love are sometimes clear, and——"

"Annah, if he refuses positively, the only way will be for us to elope. I will introduce the subject."

"Do not yet, Mr. Laurett, I entreat you.—We'll take a little more time to think, and then—"

"No! Annah, we have thought of it too long already; let us know our destiny. I will see you again soon. Good evening."

So off went Mr. Laurett, leaving Annah, his betrothed, in a sort of half good-natured pet.—Lovers are impatient sometimes, and perhaps not without a cause, for fortune is a fickle dame, and the poor only professed particular fellowship for Cupid and his votaries under certain circumstances. She it was who first gave rise to the remark that the course of true love doth not always run smooth; and doubtless upon some rough portion of the tide there is sufficient to test the integrity of another such a man as he who held forth in the wilderness of Uz, and perhaps even he would have flinched, and remained wifeless, had he been obliged to encounter some of the difficulties and dangers which have assailed, in these modern times, the sailors upon the seas of love. Many things have been said about lovers' philosophy, but the philosophy of love is another thing, and in many points of peculiar trial, is found to be a scarce article. Annah possessed about as much and may be a little more than most girls of nineteen—certainly more than Laurett. She was really—truly, and deeply in love; but so far from having lost her reason

in the matter, she could coolly advise, and that, too, with her impatient suitor teasing at her side.

A lover who is crossed in his purpose may be compared to a ship in a storm with sails all up and no rudder to regulate her course. She is tossed upon the billows like a mote upon the wind, but the magnet directs her needle upon her deck with unerring accuracy; no veer of the ship, however sudden, can interrupt its range, and its point is ever toward the steady pole. Circumstances are the winds and waves which rave in mad riot around the lover's hopes, his heart is in his compass, and while his unfortunate mortality is driven about by tempests which he cannot control, it remains fixed upon its fair enchantress. Augustus Laurett had loved Annah wildly, deeply, passionately for nearly three years. One year and more had passed since they had pledged themselves to share the fortunes of a cold-hearted world together. No wonder her lover had become impatient; a year would seem a short eternity to wait upon the eve of bliss, and yet delay the happy consumation.

There is a point of courtship, where, if mat-

rimony should not ensue, it were far better for the parties concerned that they never were in love; a millstone about their necks and they cast into the depths of the ocean, were preferable, for, then, instead of being driven about upon the surface of misfortune, they would sink to the bottom and be at peace. Who has been delayed in love and not felt the truth of the remark?

CHAPTER II.

Annah Walton was the daughter of a wealthy shipper. He was an upright and highly honorable man, but withal an old school aristocrat, whose ipse dixit was law supreme wherever his power could be exercised. It was Annah's misfortune to lose her mother during her early infancy, and though she had been carefully reared

by a devoted nurse, yet it must be confessed that unlimited indulgence had not allowed her disposition to become amiable to that degree which may be styled insipidity, nor was old Aunt Sarah's system of education such as was eminently calculated to prepare her young mistress for the ordeal of modern society. Annah Walton had acquired a liberal education at the North, at the age of eighteen, and was beloved by Lawyer Wentworth; who aspired to her hand, which she obstinately refused, notwithstanding his warm entreaties, and the threats of her passionate father; still she remained unmoved and asserted that she would never consent to become the bride of one whom she did not love.

Annah was standing alone in her parlor one evening in December; while the soft moonlight streamed over her lovely features; she folded her arms across her throbbing bosom and tears of anguish streamed down her burning cheek as she murmered aloud: "Shall I consent to become the bride of one whom I detest, and despise?—or shall I seek a home in the heart of him——"

"Yes, my dear," said Mr. Laurett, who at that moment entered the half opened door and approached the agitated girl, "you shall find a home with me"—gently throwing his arm around her delicate form and drawing her to his side.

"Yes, Mr. Laurett, but should my proud and smiling lover ever become the cold and indifferent husband! If ever in consequence of some deficiency in my nature, you should feel in your noble heart an aching void that——"

"Come! come, dear Annah, away with such misgivings; this world must be an aching void to me without you. Believe me! I will ever be all to you that a devoted husband can be. But now to the point; the ship sails for England to-morrow, and are you ready, and willing, to entrust yourself to my care and accompany me thither?"

"To-morrow?" said Annah with surprise.

"Yes, Annah, to-morrow, since your father has strictly forbidden our union, it is necessary that we should improve the present opportunity for our escape. Annah, if you accept my offers

we will embark for Liverpool to-morrow; if not, this must be our last interview; I shall leave you to decide the question alone."

So saying he warmly imprinted a kiss upon her marble brow, while a tear stole down his manly cheek—saying as he left the room, "I will call at three o'clock for you."

Annah sat motionless and here yes rested intently on the form of her lover as he departed. Here the poor girl was left in a dilemma. She must forever abandon the thought of becoming the bride of Mr. Laurett, or forever bid her early home adieu. "Yet," said she, starting from her seat, "God is love! He is able and I trust will make our union a happy one." A smile of hope passed over her countenance as she moved noiselessly about the apartment arranging the baggage for their embarkation.

CHAPTER III.

Up and down, and sometimes round,
But still their course was Hymen bound.

The next morning witnessed Laurett with his intended bride embarking for Liverpool. Laurett smiled proudly as he gazed on the lovely being who was standing at his side on the deck of the proud vessel which bore her onward. She watched the fast receding shore of her nativity fading away into a blue line upon the horizon's verge, and silently dropped the farewell tear as she murmured, in despair! "For me no more a home; henceforth Annah Walton is indeed an outcast——"

"No! no! dear Annah," said Laurett, pressing her to his bosom, "I trust our home in L., will be as pleasant as the home of your childhood."

We will not pretend to describe the feelings which this rash move occasioned, in the bosom of the devoted parent, when convinced of his daughter's elopement, but will pass lightly over

the heart-rending scene. Mr. Walton, though by birth a Southerner, had been educated at Northern institutions, where his youthful excesses, and very liberal principles, had gained for him the reputation of a generous and whole-souled associate, but a wild and uncontrollable student. The most prominent deficiency in his character was a curious combination of energy and volatility, which rendered him the abandoned slave of whatever passion for the moment excited, or influence which for the time being surrounded him. This was more especially applicable to his college days, for years of married life had made him a moral and respectable man; especially since the death of his companion, he had been an affectionate and devoted parent and studied only for the happiness of his darling child. From that memorable morning, Mr. Walton, in appearance, became a different man. He strove to banish his grief, and to forget his sorrows in the hilarity of a fashionable world.

Four months from the time of which we speak, on a glorious Sabbath morning, Mr. Walton led forth his betrothed to the marriage altar; as it

were to commence life anew. The lady appeared to be about twenty-eight years of age. Her attire, though rich, was marked by an elegant neatness; and the absence of all superfluous ornament showed her taste cultivated and refined. Her rich brown hair was parted and arranged with much simplicity over a high forehead, and her countenance bespoke peace and contentment. The Pastor performed the marriage ceremony with great solemnity, and an expression of satisfaction passed over the pallid features of Mr. Walton, as he departed with his adorable bride leaning upon his arm.

CHAPTER IV.

Reader, we will now take a short voyage to Liverpool, where we find Laurett seated with his young bride, in a neat little parlor arranged with great taste and simplicity. Mr. Laurett was not wealthy as we have said before; but

with his small fortune he had managed with such economy as to enable him to purchase a small cottage-house, and rent a shop in which he commenced business on a small scale. He was an honest and upright man, and withal, a devoted Christian, who soon gained the confidence and esteem of his fellow-citizens, who conferred on him many offices of honor.

Three years had passed pleasantly away and Laurett's efforts in obtaining wealth had evidently been crowned with success. It was Thursday morning—a bright, clear autumnul day, as ever dawned upon the earth. The heat of summer had passed away, the chilly month of September had followed in its footsteps, and the fading season, as though loth yet to retire to its long sleep, and resign its sceptre to dreary winter, still lingered with a sort of melancholy pleasantness about the scene in which it loved to dwell. Laurett entered his peaceful cottage, greeted by his affectionate wife, with whom he exchanged a kiss, which was their mutual custom, and led her to the sofa, saying, "My dear, I have news of importance to impart. We have this day

become heirs to an inheritance of thirty thousand dollars, deposited in England Bank."

"What do you say? You are jesting——"

"No, dear Annah," said the husband, exhibiting the letter, and reading aloud its contents.

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed the astonished wife, "is it possible that Providence has conferred upon us unworthy creatures so great a fortune?"

After a short conversation, Mrs. Laurett, throwing her arms playfully about her husband's neck, said with a smile: "Now let us return to America, I am sure papa would gladly receive his children and rejoice with us in our prosperity. Will we not?" said Annah, while hot tears gushed over her still blooming cheek.

Laurett remained silent a few moments and then said: "Yes, my dear, if it is your desire to visit your father; as soon as matters can be arranged we will embark for America."

His prosperity was soon rumored abroad, and people of high rank and station dropped in to congratulate Mr. Laurett and his young bride on their good fortune, and expressed feelings of

the deepest regret when informed that they were so soon to leave Liverpool, with the intention of spending the winter in America. Two weeks had scarcely elapsed and all things being satisfactorily arranged, Laurett, with his lovely bride, went on board the Ocean Bird, which lay in the stream with her anchor hove short, ready to commence her cruise when the tide should turn. It was a beautiful sight, and as the Bird bounded on her billowy path, hundreds of spectators gathered on the shores to witness her departure for America.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Walton had pleasantly passed two years and more with his new bride, who was equally well adapted to grace the drawing-room and to superintend the operations of the kitchen, and in either position showed herself perfectly at home. One evening, Mr. Walton, returned

home with a heavy heart, in view of the gloomy prospect before him.

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Walton, as he entered the dining-room; "you look as disconsolate as if you had lost your last friend."

"It is something, Julia, which you could not remedy, so why need you know? The knowledge of it would only pain you, and will come soon enough."

"But I insist on knowing. Have I not a right to share your sorrows as I have been a partaker in your joy."

"Well, then, I will tell you. I have befriended my friend, lawyer Wentworth," (whom our readers will recollect we mentioned in our second chapter,) "in so much that my whole estate is to be sold at auction on the sixteenth of November."

"For what amount?"

"For twelve thousand!"

Mrs. Walton looked disappointed and perplexed for a moment, but again assuming her usual cheerfulness, she said with a smile, "This is rather hard, my dear, but we must trust in the

Lord. He will open some door for our escape."

At that moment a coach stopped at the door, from whence a gentleman and lady alighted, who were very courteously accosted by the servant who ushered them into an elegant parlor. Mr. and Mrs. Walton soon joined the strangers, in whom the former recognized his darling child. In a moment she was in his arms. This was indeed a happy meeting, and Mr. Walton was now as cheerful and happy, as he had been unhappy, but a moment before. Mr. Laurett and his bride were cordially received by the stepmother, who had once more made Mr. Walton's home indeed a pleasant one.

Tea was now ready and the happy family once more surrounded a table richly spread with the luxuries of life. Mr. and Mrs. Laurett observed with admiration the tasteful and elegant appearance of the table and the propriety with which every thing was served, and felt that their mother was indeed a treasure. Tea being over, the merry guests were again seated in the parlor, pleasantly recalling past events.

Mr. and Mrs. Walton rejoiced in the pros-

perity of their children, and Laurett was happy to pay the sum required to redeem his father's estate. Laurett purchased a splendid establishment where he spent the remainder of his life in happiness with his lovely bride, and in the enjoyment and society of their affectionate parents.

LINES.

I love to sit, at dewy eve,
Beneath the willow tree;
And listen to the night-bird's song,
Which seems so wild and free.

I love to kneel at close of day
Beneath the willow tree,
And pour out my soul to God in prayer
Who listens when I pray.

I love to sing the Christian's hymn,
It does my soul relieve;
While angels listen to my glee,
Beneath the willow tree.

I love to know that when I die,
Beneath the green sod I must lie:
I only ask that I may rest,
Beneath the tree that I love best.

On the marble at my head,
Be a weeping willow spread;
And sacred to my memory placed
Those lines which cannot be erased:

Sweetly did she resign her breath—
Her spirit's gone to a world of rest;
And peaceful now her dust shall be,
Beneath the weeping willow tree.

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